The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

PRICE IN PARIS 20 CENTIMES

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PLACED A LARGE TARANTULA ON HER HUSBAND'S CHEST.

Jealous Italian Wife's Attempt at Murder.

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All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post, "THE MIRROR OF LIFE," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. BENNETT (Hastings).—Yes. Defeated by Mitchell, three rounds.

ED. HALL (Yorkley).—Twenty-nine, including his fight with Sharkey. This does not include men beaten in competitions in New Zealand or his undated Australian performances.

A READER (Plymouth).—The backing of which you write is simply fancy betting between man and man.

C. BURDETT.—Short drawers, with light lace-up boots.

A. JOHNS.—The first championship of England Challenge Cup was rowed for on the Tyne, March 17, 1877.

T. LITTLE.—1. Yes; an American jockey. 2. In the first twelve.

MATCHBOX.—1. Continue to practice. 2. Try a punching ball suspended from the ceiling. 3. With the mechanical figure we cannot say.

A. C. WALKER.—The race is run on the second day of the meeting.

T. NEWBOLD.—1. He was only beaten once. 2. No.

W. A.—Jem Garwood cleared the frame 155 times and stuck up seven pins in one hour.

E. V. E.—Sheffield United were the winners.

R. ROLAND.—No time was taken.

U. L.—Yes.

PERCY H.—1. 100 yards has done more than once in 9 4-5sec. 2. Not in England.

TIBBY.—Kisber (the Mineral colt) won in 1876.

A. L. O.—1. At Hackney Wick. 2. Not in existence.

R. V.—1. £100 a-side and the championship of England. 2. In 1885.

SODA.—1. Ran backwards 100 yards in 15½ sec. 2. Yes, a record.

T. MAITLAND.—1. R. A. Downer never won from scratch. 2. H. Hutchens, of Putney.

S. REGER.—Held at St. James's Hall, Regent Street, W.

F. HOLDEN.—He had 188 mounts in 1899.

A. & X.—We give the records of each man with measurements in another column.

W. HAWKIN.—Yes. Conqueror in harness, trotted 100 miles in 8h. 55min. 53sec.

D. F.—At any athletic outfitters.

J. H. (Stockton).—John L. Sullivan was champion of America—not of the world. He having never fought for that title.

DAISY (Plumstead).—Write to Prof. A. J. Newton, 5, Barnsbury Road, Islington, N.

BELT (Ilfracombe).—No recognised champion belt was fought for.

W. ECCLESTONE ("Jolly Jumbo," Coach and Horses, Stonebridge Park).—Will do all you require next week, full up this.

H. ROWELL (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Downer, the champion sprinter, is, judging his height from a recent visit he paid THE MIRROR OF LIFE, as nearly as possible 5ft 8in.

G. WOOD (Middlesbrough).—Yes.

DANIEL KEOGH (Glasgow).—John L. Sullivan was champion of America, not of the World, he never having fought for that title.

(Several Answers crowded out).

A LAST LOOK ROUND.

CORBETT'S TWO EASY CONTESTS.

FITZSIMMONS MOUNTS THE PEDESTAL.

A BOXER who, uninvited, comes to this country from America to meet the best 11st or middle-weight in England must be either very self opinionated or very much above the common or garden run of boxer. In addition to this no manager of any repute would cross the broad Atlantic with what in this country is called a "dud," and in America a "dub." Besides, the enterprising and aspiring boxer must have a fair quantity of the sinews of war, for while waiting a satisfactory engagement he must live. When George Gardiner and his manager, Owen Kenny, came to this country a match was fixed up at the N.S.C. between Gardiner and the "Coffee Cooler," THE MIRROR OF LIFE acting the part of organisers. Owen Kenny, who is manager to George Gardiner, is a business man first and a boxing-manager after, and he estimated that the fixture was so late on the calendar that what with hotel and training expenses while waiting it would not pay the meal bill. Consequently George Gardiner and the "Coffee Cooler" (the N.S.C. purse would have suited the latter, as he has had a succession of music-hall engagements to fulfil even prior to the week of battle) had to seek—

Fresh woods and pastures new,

and Joe Smith, at the time promoting boxing at Wonderland, offered the pair (Craig and Gardiner) a date quite five weeks earlier than that offered by the N.S.C., with a certain £200 should not the 75 per cent. of the gate reach the above amount. Both parties accepted those terms, and Gardiner, in company with his manager, Owen Kenny, after a short trip to Ireland, located himself in company with Jack Everhardt, training for his match with Tom Ireland, at that well-known training grounds, the Two Brewers, Chipperfield Common.

The "Coffee Cooler," like Jack Grant prior to his fight with Tom Sayers, seems to have held George Gardiner so cheaply that he has kept on with his music-hall engagements. Certainly, playing the mouth organ and dancing is not very arduous, but they occupy the time in a gassy atmosphere when the lodgers at the Two Brewers have all retired to rest and where, save for Mrs. Hastings, the landlady, calling for Bob, the landlord, to finish up and come to bed, all is as peaceful as Salisbury Plain. For the last week, however, the "Coffee Cooler" will train at the Sussex Hotel, Hove, near Brighton, and he writes us he is strong and well and fit to fight for his life. When we thresh the matter out thoroughly the "Coffee Cooler" has some excuse for taking matters so easily. For the last six years the "Cooler" has been undoubtedly the best middle-weight in this country. The then oracles of boxing thought they had a world-beater in Johnny O'Brien, the Welsh Orson. Johnny had beaten Ted White, the boxer who defeated "Kid" McCoy, and little Wales was supposed to hold the middle-weight champion. Never was there a greater surprise in the annals of British boxing as when the "Coffee Cooler" so utterly demolished the pretensions of the Welsh Orson to championship form. In this country the "Coffee Cooler," when not going out of his class, as in the case of Slavin, has only succumbed to one man — Dan Creedon, and then opinions differed, and some said had the "Cooler" been a white man instead of a nigger Daniel might have had to take a terrible hiding (which he did), and, worse than that, the small end of the purse. As the "Coffee Cooler" and George Gardiner sat in company when making the match at THE MIRROR OF LIFE the contrast was great—the white man looking so much more juvenile than the man of colour. Perhaps family cares have sobered (we use the word sober in a Pickwickian sense, for the "Cooler" is a teetotaller) the "Coffee Cooler," but he now looks far more sedate than the boisterous black man who made his début at THE MIRROR OF LIFE now some six years ago.

That Gardiner recognises the seriousness of his task we saw unmistakable evidence on Saturday last, when we visited the Chipperfield stables to give a "last look round" prior to the great evening of battle. Want of condition will not be the cause of Gardiner's downfall, nor, from what we gather of the Irishman's career, want of pluck. Some pedestrians could always run a race better than they can run a trial; and we doubt not that Gardiner is one of these. We don't think we see George fully extended in the training stables; but "once on board the lugger," or rather on the boards of the boxing stage, we calculate we shall see a different George Gardiner to the one we saw last Saturday. George wants a foeman worthy of his steel; and this was shown in his six round spar with Jack Scales. Jack is no dunce, but George Gardiner showed himself his master at all points. It is only fair to Jack to say that he was Jack out of condition, not slim and inclined to the genteel build like George Gardiner. Undoubtedly we should have seen the true form which George possesses had Scales taken a liberty and punched a bit harder than Gardiner considered necessary. Should the man from Ireland improve this week, as he has undoubtedly improved from the week previous, the "Coffee Cooler" will have to look to his laurels.

Jack Everhardt is such a glutton for work—never sparing himself, and working up to the last—that a moderate worker looks tame by comparison. George Gardiner has been at weight for some time, so he does not want to savagely denude himself of the rebellious fat. So desirous was Jack Everhardt to lose everything in the shape of weight that he thought he would be more likely to pass the scale if he were shorn of his locks, which are not as thick as those on the head of the ancient Samson. You have to walk three miles to a barber's shop from Chipperfield, so, seeing a man denuding the locks of another in the tap-room, Jack asked him to take the ringlets off his back hair. When the man had operated to Jack's satisfaction, the operator exclaimed: "There! that's done as neatly as a barber would do it." "Aren't you a barber?" said Jack. "No, I am a horse-clipper," said the man. He had been clipping Jack's hair with a horse-clipping machine, which made him look like a modern Figg. Talk about Figgs, somebody who wanted to take his wife home a bit of fruit from the country asked Hastings if he would sell him some plums. "No," replied Hastings, "I won't sell you any, I will give you *one*." How few landlords would do this? When Charley McKeever was doing the very genteel down at Chipperfield—Charley is so very classy—the "Opinionated Youth," as the Chipperfield sports term Charley, went into Hastings's garden, asking, "Can I see a plum?" "Oh, yes," said a wit, "you will see one at the N.S.C., and very likely feel him, too."

As we said before, Gardiner being at weight does not indulge in very violent exercise. His modus operandi is to rise

When first Aurora tints the skies.

They are all early risers at Chipperfield, and the early riser catches the early bird—that is, the egg from which the bird emerges. Egg hunting is the first duty of the sporting community. After they have captured a sufficient quantity of eggs warm from their nests — Hastings' fowls often drop eggs the other side of the common—the "paying guests" are asked "eggs boiled, eggs fried, or eggs with bacon," and the cook is set to work while the men in training have games preparatory to their early breakfast. No sooner do we make a record in whatever phase of life than some bounder tops it. The genial Kenny last week came in an easy winner for the Grub Stakes. This week Kenny has been beaten, not by a short head, but by a length by Jack Scales; in fact, Jack, like Silas Wegg, drops into poetry and says:—

If I could fight as well as eat
I ne'er should suffer a defeat.

George Gardiner is as modest in his eating as in his talk; he is the smallest egg snatcher of the crowd. After breakfast the mob saunter about until the overnight pill has done its work, and then a visit to the meadows of Hastings. A long walk in sweaters, accompanied by the dog, home again, the shower bath, a rub down, a light spar with dumb-bells and then with Jack Scales, and the gong sounds for dinner, usually a leg of mutton, a piece of beef, or a dish of steaks. When grace has been said (there are so many persuasions now under the Chipperfield roof tree that each says grace to himself) the diners fall into the attitude of the seven sleepers, from which they are awakened by the snoring of Jack Scales—heavy feeders are usually heavy snorers. The cry now is to work. The gym. fire is lit by the thoughtful Wolff, dry sweaters are donned, and once more the skipping-rope, punching the ball, sparring with pound dumb-bells, Whiteley's exerciser, wrist exerciser, and then a good ding-dong battle with the gloves, a shower bath, a rub down, and tea-time is reached. This is really, and should be, the last heavy meal of the day. If Gardiner expresses a wish for a bit of fish, Hastings does not reply, "Fish be d——d; look at the price," but he drives to Watford or St. Albans and brings home some Billingsgate pheasants for self, missus, Kenny Wolff, Jack Scales, and those who are not in training, and a nice bit of salmon, halibut, soles, or eels for those who are.

The maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!

As the Chipperfield sojourners play bowls or baseball in the evening on the common, the Susans, Janes, and Marys troop out like little fairies; but with the exception of the *gentle* Wolff and Jack Scales, the rest of the party are all seriousness and not inclined to frivol. George Gardiner realises that he has a serious task, and he is studying both by exercise and diet how he shall overcome it. George has a good mentor and friend in Owen Kenny, and come what may on the night of the eventful September 10 at Wonderland we shall hope to see a good contest, a clear stage, and no favour, and may the best man win, be he black or white.

Jem Corbett has had two gifts in his boxing experience—the contest with Charlie Mitchell, and the more recent contest with "Kid" McCoy. In the first case Jem was so eager to get Charley Mitchell into the ring (Corbett is our informant) that he allowed Charlie Mitchell to lift half the late Squire's deposit of ten thousand dollars, and he also bet Mitchell one thousand dollars that he would not enter the ring. Thus to gratify a personal feeling with regard to Mitchell, Jem Corbett forfeited 6,000dols. So incensed was Jem Corbett with Mitchell in consequence of remarks made, that he behaved more like a man demented during the one round fight instead of the cool self-possessed pugilist; and Billy Delaney, who acted as Corbett's second, has assured us that Mitchell's corner, had they been half as "wide" as they were bad, might have claimed the fight on a foul more than once. Billy Delaney saw this, and he assured us that he had to drag Corbett away from Mitchell, and save Jem against himself. If Jem Corbett had the same amount of animus against McCoy as against Mitchell he does not appear to have shown it in the same manner. Was it because "Kid" McCoy was too clever to be rushed into a corner and there beaten to a mummyfied mass? Most persons thought it a piece of cheek on the part of "Kid" McCoy—a middle-weight—to challenge such a clever heavy-weight as Jem Corbett. There appears to have been method, however, in "Kid" McCoy's madness or cheek. When receipts total up to seventy thousand dollars, as they did on the night of the contest at Madison Square Garden, the losing end of the purse is a fortune. Had the contest been for three rounds, then the "Kid" might have had some chance, but when it came to a question of twenty-five rounds or endurance, it was a coalyard to a cinder on James Corbett. McCoy might have had the best of a bar-room squabble, but when it came to a 24ft ring and endurance, it was very bad for McCoy. It reminds us of a squabble which once took place in early morn at the Crown, Crown Court, Fleet Street (an all-night house for printers). Jerry Noon, who was a great liberty taker had been taking liberties with an old comp. His son was present, however, and in the limited space of the bar gave Jerry Noon, "the Undefeated and Unbought," no end of a good hiding. The father, very much excited, said (depositing some sovereigns), "My son shall fight you for what you like!" The son, however, had common sense, for he said, "Put your money up, father; why this man could cut me to ribbons in a 24ft. ring." McCoy, however, thought different to the

comp.'s son. He imagined because he had a bit the best of a bar-room squabble that he could beat Jem Corbett in a boxing ring. In the third round it was seen that there was only one in it, and in the fifth round there would have been no more "Kid" could McCoy have stood up and took his gruel; but he was mercifully knocked out.

Fitzsimmons has once more mounted the pedestal and resumed the position he occupied before he was defeated by Jem Jeffries. After the contest with Tom Sharkey Fitz wished to meet Jeffries according to the fixture. Fitz was ready but Jeffries was not, thus Fitzsimmons is left, virtually world's champion. Jem Jeffries says, "I will fight you in six months." Jeffries, whose name is used to make copy concerning the contest, enunciates our opinion as to Sharkey being little better than a big rough. He rushed at such a master of fence as Fitzsimmons with his arms wide open, without the slightest attempt to guard. This sort of fighting eventually lends itself to defeat. A really clever man like Fitzsimmons has only to wait his opportunity in meeting these rushes, and the end comes very soon. The second round saw Fitz's opportunity, a left hand hook hit, which is really an upper-cut, caught Sharkey on the desired spot, the point of the jaw, and brought his man down. Sharkey is one of those square jawed determined men that a coke hammer would not knock out; and even Fitz's masterpiece did not knock Sharkey into a state of insensibility. It was the shower of blows which Fitz rained upon his man when in a dazed condition from this famous left-handed upper-cut which won Fitz the fight. Jem Jeffries is such a heavy feeder that, partaking, as he does, of everything on the bill of fare, he soon gets gross and fat, and at the present time is reported to be quite two stone above his weight. Two stone of flesh is a monstrous lot to unburden from the frame, and we think Jem Jeffries, knowing this, did wisely to stipulate for six months in which to get fit. Six months seems an unconscionable long period, and goodness knows what may happen in the meantime; but it must be remembered that it was nearly eighteen months before Fitzsimmons and Jem Corbett came together. It may be the same amount of time before Jeffries and Fitzsimmons stand face to face in the square circle, but there is money in it, and a great deal, and neither man will neglect this opportunity of picking up gold and silver.

The mixing of the classes was very much in evidence at Wonderland on Monday evening last, when Jack Everhardt, of America, and Tom Ireland, of England, put up hands for £200 and 75 per cent. of the gate. On the stage which was supposed to be reserved the Corinthian sat side by side with the racecourse ramper, and when we heard the voice of these charmers crying we will take 4 to 1 Ireland we knew they did not intend to lose their money, and that the referee of this contest had not fallen into honey. From the very commencement of the contest Ireland did everything that was reprehensible. Several times he fell without a blow in order to avoid. Jack Everhardt seemed to be more afraid of public opinion than he was of Ireland, for when Ireland was laying on him in a frantic embrace, Jack kept constantly holding up his hands to show the crowd that he was not holding. The referee could have disqualified Ireland when Bill Chester entered the ring, and, further, when Bob Knott rushed into the ring and seized Jack Everhardt round the waist; but no doubt he thought the public wished to see a fight, and he let it continue. The most noticeable thing in the hall was Joe Smith's top hat, which seemed top-heavy, the Sheeney boys, who were there in abundance and in the best seats, crying out, "Joe, where did you get that hat? Where did you get that tile?" Jellied eels were vended at sixpence a time. We looked for pickled salmon, fried fish, or pickled cucumber to follow, but they were not in evidence. At the pubs. in the Whitechapel Road both Jews and Jewesses were mad with excitement. Ireland was the favourite, and there was quite a grubber dolous when they heard that Jack Everhardt had won.

PHOTOS GIVEN AWAY.—I will send one "CHOICE CABINET" as a sample to any bona fide applicant, also FREE List of Rare Books, &c. Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, 52 in pack, 1s. 9d. and 3s. 6d. Be in time. Address, **M. L. REID, West Green Road, London, N.**

RETURN OF BEN JORDAN TO ENGLAND.

OUR idol is shattered! From what we have read and what we have heard of Terry McGovern we thought at his birth the true breed of fighting men had harked back, and that Terry was a second Tom Sayers in miniature. Now, Tom Sayers would rather have a fight than a breakfast. Judge, then, of our surprise when Ben Jordan, better in health than in pocket after his journey, called upon us on Monday morning, and said that no persuasion, both from Martin Dowling and big Jem Kennedy, who runs the Madison Square Garden, would induce Terry to meet Ben Jordan. Harris, manager to Terry, gave his word to Martin Dowling that Terry McGovern would meet Ben Jordan, and as a further inducement guaranteed Ben Jordan four thousand dollars as his share of the gate receipts. Ben has nothing but praise for Martin Dowling, who is at least £40 out of pocket by Terry McGovern's get out. And what is this get out? Why, that he has theatrical engagements to fulfil; these theatrical engagements at the very most not bringing him more than three or four hundred dollars, while a match between himself and Jordan would have brought in six times as many thousands. This is not what we expected of Terry. A representative English boxer at weight journeys three thousand miles to do battle with Terry, and, instead of jumping at the chance of showing American fistic ability as compared with that of the poor played-out Britisher, he simply excuses himself from the match on the score of "theatrical engagements." When the British officers at the time of the Crimean War were a bit funky they asked for "leave of absence on urgent private affairs," "leave of absence on urgent private affairs" being another name for the white feather. Is Terry McGovern showing the white feather? Well might we ask

Do we sleep, do we dream,
Do we wonder and doubt,
Are things what they seem,
Or are visions about?

To hear Terry McGovern's friends talk, Terry's flesh and blood could not stand a dirty Sassenach coming to America for a fight and being put off by "theatrical engagements!" Why, we must have made a mistake in Terry when we speculated that he had Irish blood in his veins. What true Irishman, or Irish cockney for that matter, would allow a man to travel 6,000 miles without having a fight, when they are usually spoiling for one. Besides, this refusal to meet Ben Jordan when on American soil, and fit and well, was not fair to Terry McGovern's American countrymen. They no doubt would have liked to have seen two famous representatives of British and American boxing meet, and have paid highly for the privilege, but now all that is quashed for Terry McGovern's "theatrical engagements." Terry McGovern, you are not our Terry. As we said up top, "Our idol is shattered!"

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Mr. John Eager (of Cheltenham).
Bill Eager (of Cheltenham).
Fred Eager (of Cheltenham).
George Galbraith (Scottish swimmer, Portobello).
Wm. Hallutt (of Edinburgh).
Andrew Guila (trotting jockey, Edinburgh).
R. Anderson (Edinburgh).
Ike Moss.
Walter Armstrong ("Cross-buttocker").
Dick Josephs.
Charles Holroyd (swimming instructor, Columbia University, U.S.A.)
Bill Baker.
Bill Harris (Battersea).
Joe Goodwin.
Mrs. Brooks (Queen of the Gypsies).
Ben Jordan (feather-weight champion).
Dave (of the San Francisco Boys).
Mr. Bell (Australia).
Mr. Brodie (Australia).
Bert Dorman.
Charley McKeever.
Eddie Pierce.
Bill Baxter.
Bob Hastings (Two Brewers, Chipperfield).
Owen Kenny (manager).
George Gardiner.
Herman F. Wolff (manager).
Jack Everhardt.

I, JEMMY HOLLOWAY, OF LIVERPOOL, would like to box any 9st 6lb amateur in Liverpool if any boxing promoter will give a trophy worth boxing for.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, August 25, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

JOE BERNSTEIN and Oscar Gardner fought at the Broadway Athletic Club last Thursday night, and for the second time Bernstein lost on a foul. After he had been cautioned by Referee Teddy Foley for fouling, Bernstein deliberately threw Gardner to the floor in the twelfth round. He therefore was disqualified. The fight was a remarkable one. It appeared to be an exhibition of two gymnasts. The men turned somersaults over one another's backs, and did all kinds of curious and unusual things. Bernstein hit Gardner oftener in the twelve rounds than he was hit, but he jabbed and slapped with open hands, his blows doing absolutely no damage. Gardner did some terrific punching and hurt Bernstein. Bernstein's defensive work was really very clever. Gardner, as usual, was the aggressor. Bernstein held in nearly all the clinches, and was repeatedly warned by the referee. But with all this the fight was an interesting one, and it was to be regretted that it had such an unfortunate ending. The largest crowd that has been in the club for some time saw the battle, and hissed and applauded as their sympathies and antipathies influenced them. Who ever read a more "phony" letter than that which Fitzsimmons claims he received offering him 100,000dols to throw his coming fight to Sharkey? The sender, if he exists, must be a philanthropist, pure and simple. He tells of owning 180,000dols, and deducting the amount which he will give Fitz, he would have exactly 80,000dols left. This he says he will bet on Sharkey at odds of 10 to 8, and consequently he would break even. The attempted briber is said to be a Canadian. Well, that doesn't speak very well of Canada's mathematicians, for the Canuck says he "would make a barrel of money on the fight." What makes matters appear still more peculiar is Fitz's own story of how he refused 750,000dols to throw his fight to Corbett at Carson City some years ago. Is there a pugilist who wouldn't commit murder for such a sum? The twenty rounds bout at Troy between Jack Hamilton, of Troy, and Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, before the Manhattan A.C., resulted in a draw, owing to a stipulation that if both men were on their feet that would be the decision. The stipulation was made because Flaherty was over weight. The bout was fast from start to finish, and had there been no provision the result would doubtless have been the same, although many present thought Hamilton had a shade the best of it. Hamilton weighed 127lb, while Flaherty looked to weigh about 135lb. In the third round Hamilton was cut over the eye. This was the only blood drawn in the bout. Peter Maher, the Irish champion, to-night defeated George Haines, the coloured pugilist of Chicago, better known as "Klondike," in the fifth round of what was to have been a twenty rounds bout before the Trenton A.C., on Monday. Maher secured the decision on a foul. In the fifth round Maher floored his opponent five times. The last time he was knocked down Haines grasped Maher by the legs and threw him. Dick Burge, the English welter-weight, is not coming to this country. What have we done to be saved from such a visit? Burge has a good job on the other side, Ben Jordan says, and "'e's very well off as 'e is." Dave Sullivan got into trouble the other day at Buffalo and was arrested. He was accosted on the street by an intoxicated man and insulted. Dave knocked his tormentor down, and both were taken into custody for being disorderly. They were discharged in court however. At Bridgeport, Conn., Nelson, the Swede cyclist, won his fourteenth straight victory when in eight miles he ran Jemmy Michael to a standstill. Michael quit and left the track. Nelson continued to the finish. At Halifax, N.S., James A. Ten Eyck, of Worcester, defeated Harris Vail, of St. John, N.B., in a single scull race, of three miles, on Thursday afternoon, for 100 dols a-side. The contest was very keen throughout, and the finish so close that when the race was awarded to Ten Eyck the Canadian protested. The protest was over-ruled.

THE TATTLER.

THE CANTERBURY MAY ALWAYS be relied upon to furnish a first-rate evening's entertainment. George Robey has been making merry here, and has delighted full houses beyond measure. The clever act contributed by Bedini and Arthur and a funny nigger sketch by Brown, Newland, and Le Clerq are also highly relished items in a truly colossal programme.

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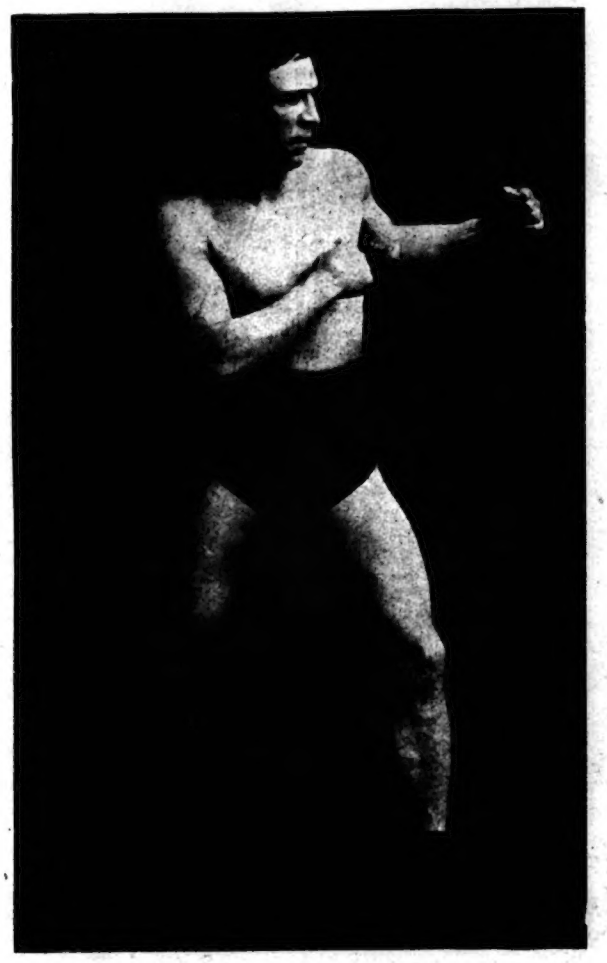
Address—**G. DAY, 10, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.**

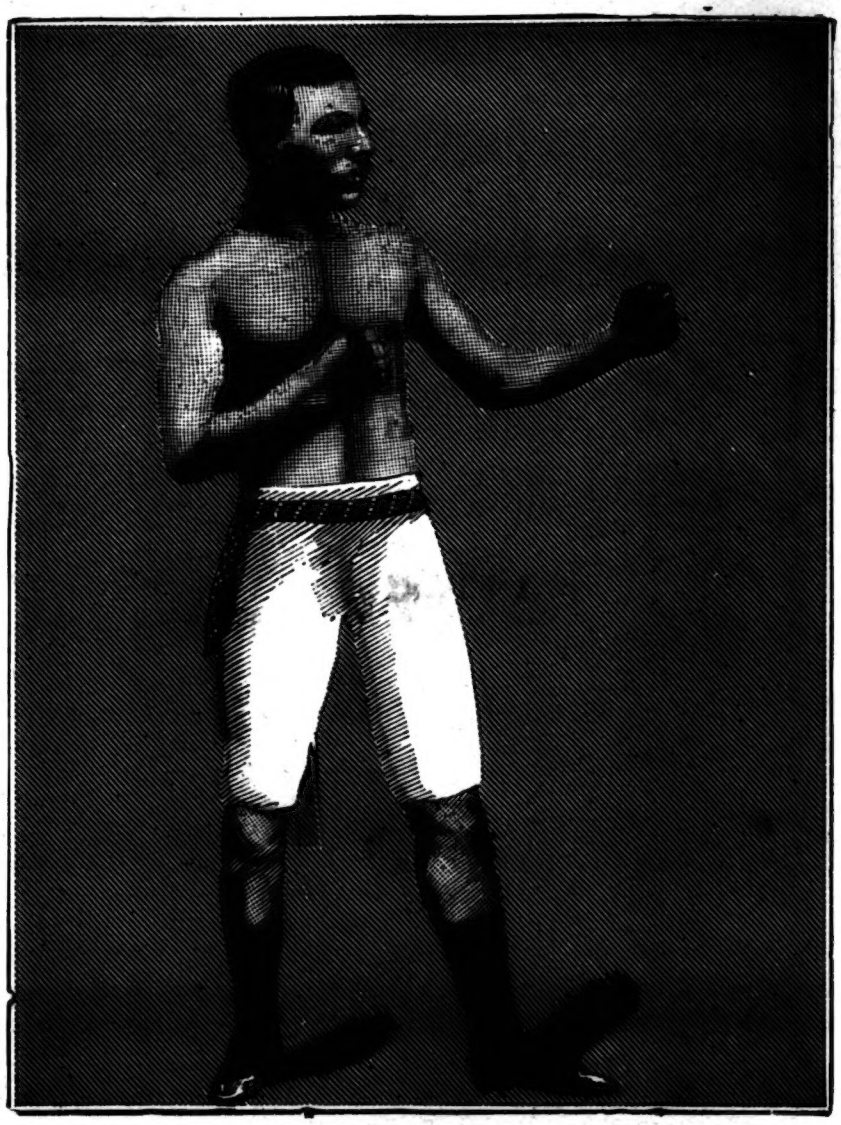
LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since fatner died. Now she is gone and so i came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his th at, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. he thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so?" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice.

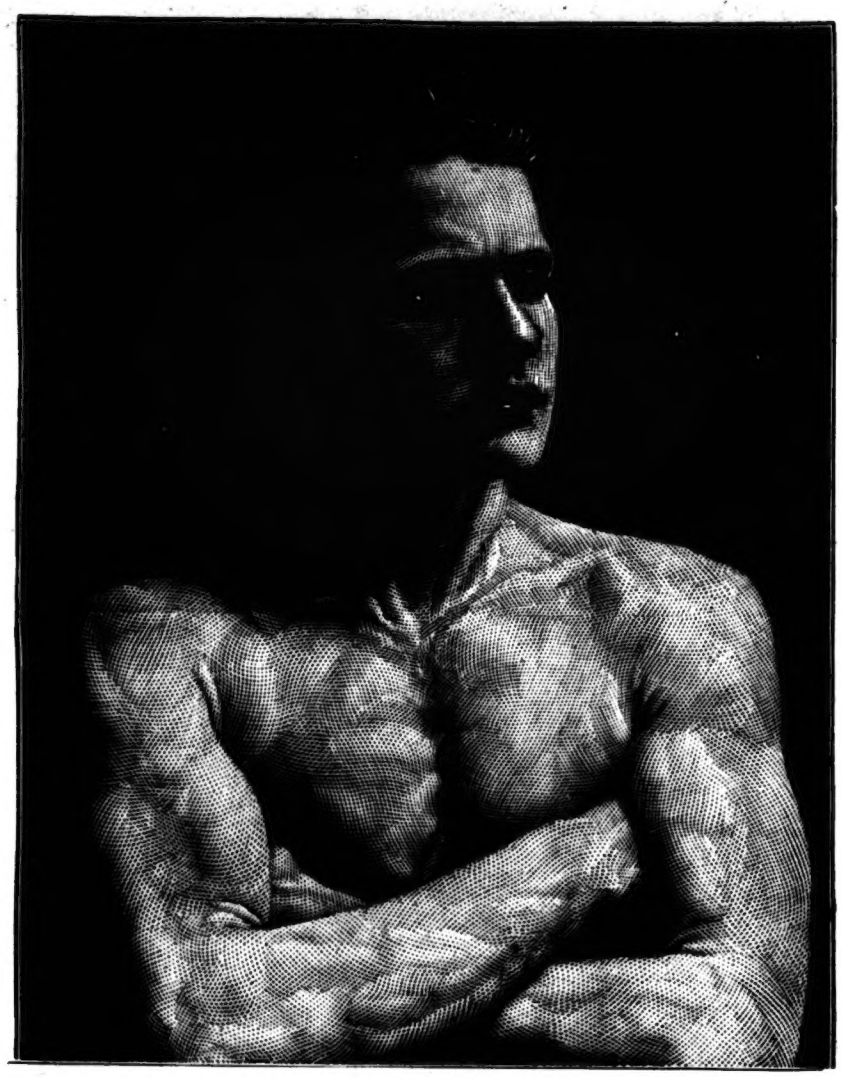
Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]



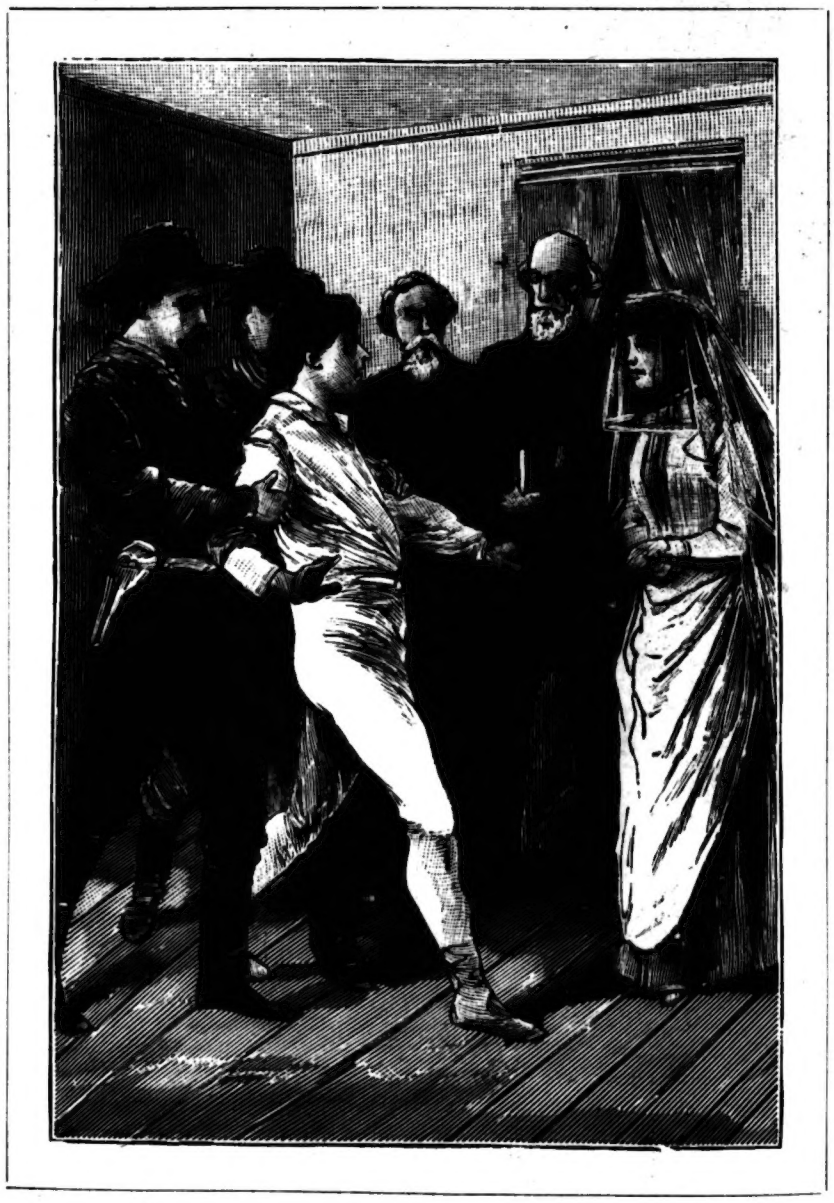
JACK EVERHARDT,
Who Met Tom Ireland at Wonderland, September 3



TOM IRELAND,
Of Mile End, who Met Jack Everhardt, of New Orleans, at Wonderland, September 3.



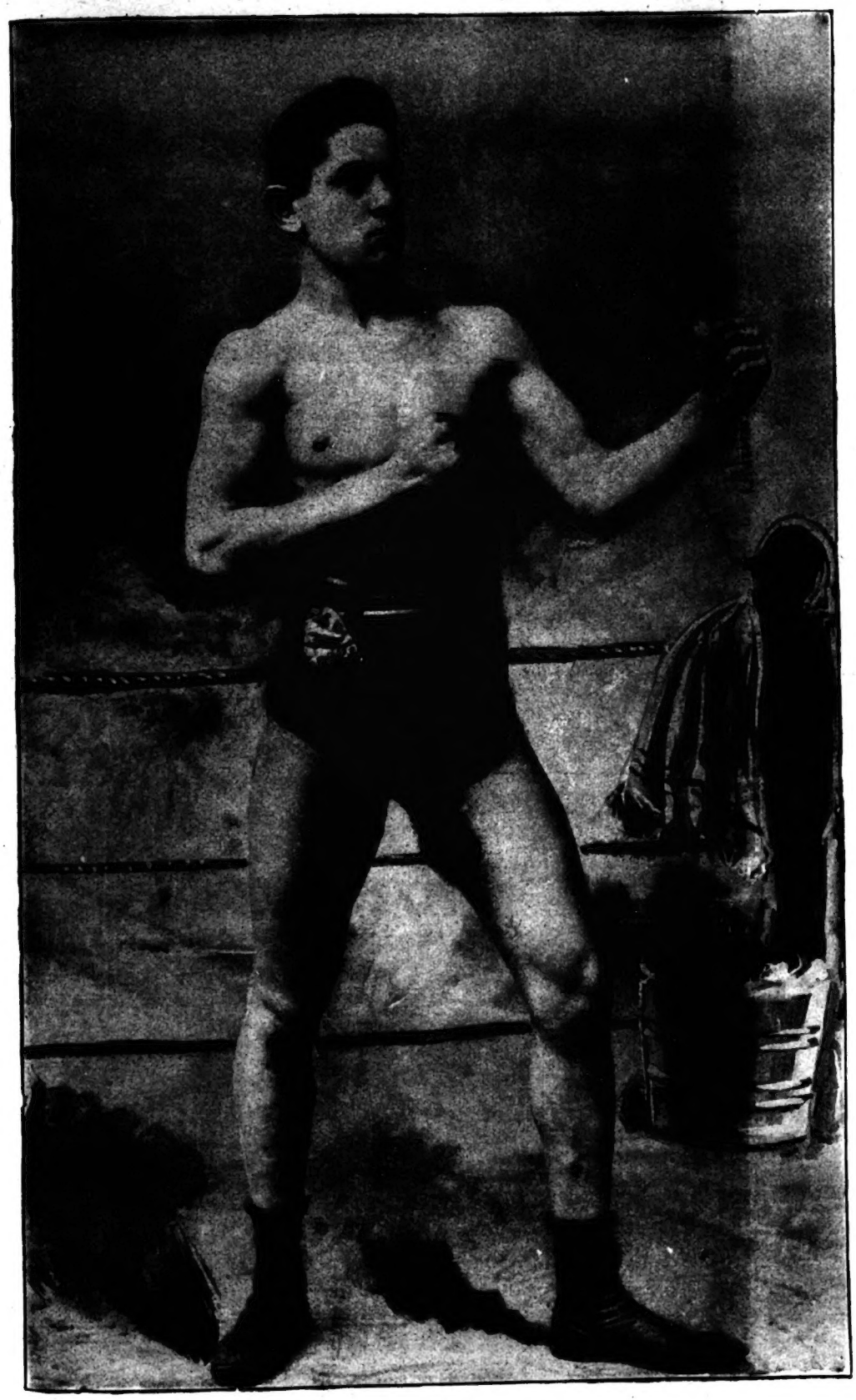
"SPIDER" KELLY,
Light-Weight Champion of the Pacific Coast, Wants to Box Any Man in England at 9st 9lb.



HE WAS MARRIED, BUT TO WHOM?
Strange Midnight Adventure that Wants Solving.

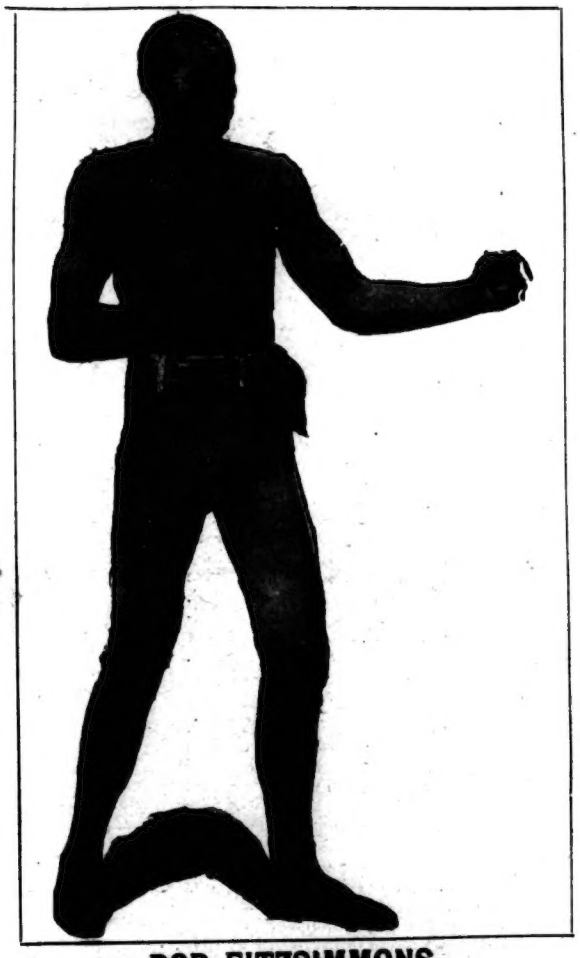
JAMES HARDIE,

A Tonsorial Artist, who is Open to Compete with Anyone of his Own Age in Clean and Rapid Shaving.



JIMMY HANDLER,

Of Newark, New Jersey, Coming Over the Streak to Meet any Middle-Weight in Great Britain.



BOB FITZSIMMONS,

Who Put Tom Sharkey to Sleep in Two Rounds at the Coney Island Club, August 24.

YOUNG VICKERS, JUN.,

Of Coventry, the Champion Ball Puncher of Warwickshire.

TOM SHARKEY,

Recently Knocked Out by Bob Fitzsimmons in Two Rounds, and his Friend C. White.

MUSIC HALL SPORTS.—THE MUSIC Hall sports, postponed from August Bank Holiday on account of the wet weather, were held at the Stamford Bridge Grounds last week. The programme included varieties on a platform erected in the centre of the grounds. A competition for the best trick acrobat was decided, the first prize being carried off by a small boy named T. Dagmar. The Two Miles Bicycle Handicap was secured by J. Dunedin, and the One Mile Walking Handicap by T. Pacey. The winner of the One Mile Ladies' Bicycle Handicap was Maud Dunedin.

CRICKET.—MITCHAM V. CROYDON.—A cricket match for the benefit of Tom Sherman (who in the old cricket days played for the county of Surrey and represented All England on several occasions) will take place on Mitcham Green, on Saturday, September 15, between Charley Richardson's Mitcham team and Charley Geary's Croydon team. To commence at one o'clock sharp. Tom Sherman was born December 1, 1825, commenced playing village matches 1840, and for Surrey County in 1848. In the Fifties, whilst playing for the County, Surrey won all matches for three successive seasons.

ATHLETICS AT WINDSOR.—SOME capital sport was witnessed at the sixth annual meeting of the Windsor Liberal C. and A.C. on Wednesday. A. P. Tyler (Uxbridge C.C.), a son of the veteran Surrey cyclist and swimmer, E. Tyler, won the Mile Bicycle race from the 140 yards mark, and was also second, with 240 yards start in the Two Miles Bicycle race to A. W. Hunt (Aldershot C.C.), who had 380 yards. R. W. Wadsley (Unity A.C.), 2 yards start, lost his heat in the Open 100 Yards race by an inch or so to T. H. James (Polytechnic H.), 7½ yards start, who afterwards won the final. The best performance of the day, however, was accomplished by J. Binks (Unity A.C.), who, running grandly from the virtual scratch mark of 58 yards in the Open Mile, won that in the fast time of 4min 18 4-5sec.

VETERAN BOWLERS.—ALTHOUGH Australia can boast of two veteran bowlers, each nearly eighty-four years of age, yet Victoria Park, Leicester, has a member more than six years their senior, in fact, over ninety years of age. During the past few years he has been singularly noticeable for standing with both feet together when delivering his ball. He has not felt well enough to play this season, but he occasionally comes to the green to watch the play, and still takes an interest in the club.

ILLNESS OF OLD BILL SPOONER—Old Bill Spooner was in his day a champion walker who "mixed it" in such a remarkable manner that no judge of fair walking could ever disqualify Bill, who walked the late Charley Westhall, among many others. Bill not only shone luminously as a walker, but his pugilistic performances are recorded in the chronicles of the prize-ring, an encounter with "Flir" Donovan being one of them. Bill Spooner is suffering from a severe internal complaint. He is now lying in the Brentwood Union Infirmary, Isleworth, of which he has been an inmate nearly three years. Some of his old acquaintances might like to assist him in his hour of trouble, and he would be very grateful for any donations that might be forwarded to him, however small.

SWIMMING. — THE 100 YARDS amateur championship of Yorkshire was decided at Scarborough last Thursday night. Result: W. Call, of Hunslet, Leeds, 1; F. Beecroft, of Scarborough, 2; J. H. Barraclough, of Sowerby Bridge, 3. Won by 4yd. Time, 1min 7 2-5sec.

"SPORTS" ON THE RAN-DAN.—The little village of Sawbridgeworth, which lies on the banks of the Stort, was quite alive on Sunday, being patronised by some old MIRROR OF LIFE famed "boys," including Ernie Baines, the cyclist; Geo. Beach, the ped, and who lately was officiating as M.C. at Wonderland; Billy Barker, the trainer; "Oiler" Gowler, the champion sack-racer of England; and "Dutch" Daley, the 8st champion of the provinces. They started from town at 9 a.m., proceeding through Epping Forest to the Wake Arms, Epping, and then on through Harlow to the Bull Inn, Sawbridgeworth, kept by our old friend Harry Avis, late of the Bricklayers' Arms, Limehouse. Here a very pleasant day was spent.

DOG RACING.—J. E. SMITH WILL match Butcher Jack to run Khaliffa, first kill eleven rabbits, run Eslington Park, Gateshead, or Jubilee Grounds, Byker, for not less than £100 a-side, and allow £5 expenses. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will receive prompt attention.

A SPORTSMAN'S WEDDING.—LAST Sunday morning Christ Church, Spitalfields, was crowded to excess to see one of the best-respected sportsmen in the locality (Vic Collins, the noted penciller) enter the holy bonds of matrimony. The fair and blushing bride was Miss Lula Williams, and as she entered cheer after cheer ascended to the skies. Spitalfields holds a good number of Hibernians, and these turned out to see a descendant of old Ireland married.

KENSINGTON R.C. REGATTA.—The 28th annual meeting took place on Saturday at Hammersmith, Handicap Sculls, Fours, and mixed Eights forming the programme. The Sculls went to H. F. Blackstaffe, scratch. In the Eights final heat went to Wright's crew by three-parts of a length from Winter's. The Scratch Fours finished: H. H. W. Fisher's crew, first; R. J. Whitelaw's crew, second.

THE QUARTER-MILE SALT-WATER Championship.—The annual race for the Amateur Swimming Association's salt-water championship was decided at Skegness on Saturday afternoon in the presence of a large number of spectators. There were many competitors, but Jarvis, of Leicester, led all the way, and added another to his long list of victories, finishing well in front of Wildgoose, of Hyde and Seal, who was in turn well ahead of McCabe, of Dublin.

THREE MILES RUNNING CHAMPionship Race.—The Rochdale Athletic Grounds were the scene on Saturday of a three miles race, on level terms, between Harry Watkins, the hour record holder, and Michael O'Neill, of Adare, who had staked £50 a-side. Watkins cut out the work, leading at the end of the first mile by two yards. No change took place until 600 yards from home, when O'Neill went to the front and won by 30 yards. Time, 14min 44sec.

A FEMALE ASPIRANT FOR CHANNEL Swimming Honours.—Since Captain Webb's famous swim across the Channel more than twenty years ago the record he then established has remained unbroken. More than one attempt has been made to equal, if not surpass, his remarkable feat, but hitherto without success. A new rival has, however, arisen in the person of an Austrian lady, who is hoping to successfully accomplish this daring feat. Mme. Walburga von Isacescu is a member of the First Vienna Amateur Swimming Club. On Sunday, July 29, she swam from Stein to Vienna, a distance of over 48 miles, in 8hr 3min. She started above the steamboat landing stage in Stein at three minutes past six a.m., and landed at the Imperial Military Swimming Baths at seven minutes past two p.m. On Thursday, July 26, as a preliminary trial, she swam from Tulln to Wien-Praterspitz, a distance of over 26 miles, in 3hr 48min. This time she was unaccompanied, and was merely provided with the Angeli swimming costume.

THOMAS BAYTON BRYNMAUR, writes:—In reference to challenge in your paper on August 22, which Mr. Owen Page, Globe Inn, Weath, has accepted, I am sorry I cannot oblige him, as our dog, Khaliffa, is already matched to run Ben from Beaufort on September 24 at Brynmaur. I shall only be too pleased to run his dog, Spring, after this match is over, on conditions that we run at Whitchurch, near Cardiff, which I think is half-way for us.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for:—
Mrs. Lelia White.
Geo. P. Gardiner.
J. Gans.
Bobby Dobbs.
Charles Connolly.
P. Gorman.
Frank Leon (two).
Alec Hurley.
Billy Plimmer.
Driver Pincher.
C. McCoy.
Ernie Greaves.
George Fox Giles.
Claude Thompson.
H. Chance Newton.
Jem Holloway.
Billy Ross.
George Slark.
R. Fitzsimmons (Champion of the World).
Sam Fitzpatrick.
N. E. Barnes.
"Greek" George.
J. Corbett.
Jem Hall.
Robert Fitzsimmons.
J. W. Abbott.
Bob White.
Mr. Solomon.
A. McDonald.
G. E. Campbell.
Goliath.

JACK EVERHARDT,

Who Met Tom Ireland at Wonderland, September 3.

(With Portrait.)

JACK EVERHARDT was born in 1872 at New Orleans, Louisana, U.S.A. His height is 5ft 6in. His principal contests were as follows:—Beaten by Andy Boyne, 85rds; beat George Pierce, 2rds; "Scott" Collins, 25rds (draw); knocked out Jack O'Brien, 15rds; knocked out Stanton Abbott, 25rds; draw with Stanton Abbott, 25rds; draw with Owen Zeigler, 4rds; knocked out Tom Moriarty, 1rd; draw with Charley McKeever, 6rds; draw with Jerome Quigley, 6rds; beaten by "Kid" Lavigne, 20rds; draw with Owen Zeigler, 25rds; knocked out Horace Leeds, 15rds; draw with Young Griffo, 6rds; draw with Young Griffo, 20rds; beaten by "Kid" Lavigne, 24rds; beat Billy Ernst, 20rds; knocked out Billy Ernst, 12rds; draw with Matty Matthews, 15rds; draw with "Kid" McPartland, 20rds; beat "Spider" Kelly, 20rds; draw with Jack Daly, 10rds; draw with Billy Layton, 6rds; beat "Kid" McGlynn, 5rds; draw with "Young" Mahoney, 6rds; draw with Owen Zeigler, 20rds; draw with "Kid" McPartland, 25rds; beaten by Young Mahoney, 25rds; met Tom Ireland at Wonderland, on Monday evening, September 3, and defeated him in 10rds.

HE WAS MARRIED, BUT TO WHOM?

Strange Midnight Adventure that Wants Solving.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A YOUNG man twenty years of age, son of an American ex-senator named Glenhasset, met with a curious adventure, which the law will be called upon to investigate. It appears that while staying at an hotel at Monte Video he was aroused from his sleep during the night by two men. He, although only partially dressed, was hurried to an empty room; after a few minutes a young girl and two other men entered, the girl dressed as bride, and the youth was made, in spite of his protests, her bridegroom, while the two last comers officiated as clergymen. After the ceremony the youth was conducted back to his chamber, but could elicit no information, nor would the men give any reason for their strange behaviour during this mysterious affair.

PLACED A LARGE TARANTULA ON HER HUSBAND'S CHEST.

Jealous Italian Wife's Attempt at Murder.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE much dreaded insect the Tarantula, a large specie of spider, whose venomous bite has proved fatal, is common in Tranto in Italy, the place which has given this deadly insect a name. About five miles from Tranto a wealthy Italian and his wife lived in fashionable style, but the wife being of a most jealous disposition their union was anything but happy, and finally culminated in an attempt to murder. The wife, while her husband lay in repose, placed upon his naked breast a large Tarantula; the insect's movements awoke the man, who was so horrified that for some seconds he could not move, but realising his danger he brushed the insect aside, which saved his life.

SAM DRAFFIN,

Champion Cyclist of New South Wales.

(With Portrait.)

SAM DRAFFIN, in conjunction with two other cyclists of champion repute, made tracks from N.S.W. to Paris to take part in the cyclist championships. Some hitch took place, and neither of the trio contended. Sam Draffin stayed with his friends some time in America, where some minor cycle races were won. Sam Draffin, who is now in England, is a great admirer of Bob Fitzsimmons, and visited the ex-farrier at Bergen Beach, Bob's country home. Prior to losing the forefinger of his right hand by an accident Sam was an excellent boxer, and had some intention of taking on the game.

TOM IRELAND, OF MILE END,

Who Met Jack Everhardt, of New Orleans, at Wonderland, September 3.

(With Portrait.)

TOM IRELAND, until his defeat in a competition by Tom Causer, was considered invincible at his weight. He has won several competitions, and beaten such men as Ted Ware, Dave Wallace, Bill Corbett Jack FitzGibbons. Beaten by Harry Greenfield, 11rds; beat Harry Spurden, 10rds; beaten by "Darkey" Wallace, 20rds; beaten by Ted Marlow, 20rds; beat Jack Roberts, 4rds; beat Harry Greenfield, 8rds; beat Jack Goldswain, 2rds; met Jack Everhardt at Wonderland, September 3, and was disqualified in the tenth round.

BILL PIKE,

Of Leytonstone, who was to have Met "Ginger" Elliott at Wonderland, September 3.

(With Portrait.)

AT his initial attempt at the game we find the above lad was runner-up in a 7st 6lb amateur competition, but Professor Brennan's open competition at 7st 6lb he secured from the professional ranks. After this he beat Archie Ayres in 5½rds, also Ernie Cunningham in 1½rds; won a 7st 10lb open competition; beat H. Fuller twice, 11rds and 2rds; beaten by Ted Marlow in an eight-round contest; beat Harry Stamford in 2rds; beat Ted Goodson, 6rds; beat Jack Christian, 6rds; beat Harry Stamford, 1½rds; beat Johnny Jacobs, 1rd; beaten by Jack Guyons twice; Bill Burley, three times; Frank Scott, 8rds; Dick Parkes, 8rds; Ted Goodson, 12rds; George Harding, 6rds; Dave Brown, 10rds; Bill Hoad, 7rds; Bill Stonelake, 3rds; Joe Barrett, 3rds; Harry Camis, 4rds; Sid Scales, 6rds and 10rds; Tom King, 3rds; Albert Hollings, 3rds; fought a 6rds draw with Ted Goodson; beat Arthur Hughes, 6rds; beat Lew Wright, 7rds; beat Tommy Loates, 6rds; beat Tom King, 5rds; beat Ted Goodson, 6rds; beat Ernie Cunningham, 2rds; beat "Ginger" Elliott twice, 6rds; beat Elliott 5rds and 6rds; beat Arthur Hughes, 6rds; beat George Suttle, 3rds; beat H. Fuller, 11rds (old style); won three open competitions; beat Jack Player, 6rds; beat Markie Aarons, 1rd; beat A. Walsby, 3rds; beat Tom Johnson, 11rds; beat Jack Christian again in 11rds and 10rds; beat Johnny Jacobs twice, 4rds and 6rds. The contest with "Ginger" Elliott was postponed.

THE SPORTING DARKEY BOLTED WITH THE GUN,

And Left His Companion to the Two Animals.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE hunter should be bold, though cautious. If the two darkies who had borrowed a gun and went looking for sport had either of these qualities they would not have met with the mishap of returning from the chase with empty bags. While pursuing their way through a thick wood an ugly snarl made them raise their heads to the boughs above. There the shining eyes of one of the badger tribe was looking down, and before either suspected danger the animal sprang on the nearest man's shoulders and fastened its claws in his woolly head. The sport who held the gun fled in dismay, and to make matters worse, the dog took a hand in the game and pinned his teeth in the coloured man's legs.

YOUNG VICKERS, JUN., OF COVENTRY.

The Champion Ball Puncher of Warwickshire.

(With Portrait.)

YOUNG VICKERS, the son of the well-known Old Joe, is one of the cleverest manipulators at the ball in Warwickshire. Some time since young Arthur gave a show of ball punching at Bideford which brought down the house. Young Vickers is a worthy scion of Old Joe.

ANANIAS,

A Bay Stallion, who Broke the Amateur Record for a Mile.

(Subject of Illustration.)

FAST Trotting in America.—At the matinée of the Gentleman's Driving Club at Cleveland, Ohio, on August 4, Ananias, a bay stallion, owned and driven by C. F. Emery, broke the amateur pacing record to wagon by going a mile in 2min 7¼sec. The record broken was 2min 7½sec, held by Sunland Belle. Ananias was accompanied by a runner.

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ADVT

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during September:—

SEPTEMBER 10.—At the Leeds and County Athletic Club, Leeds, Sam Parker v. Jack Fulton, twenty rounds, £10 a-side and a purse of £25.

SEPTEMBER 10.—At Wonderland, George Gardiner (of Ireland) v. Frank Craig ("The Coffee Cooler"), twenty rounds; Bert Adams v. "Ponk" Andrews, fifteen rounds.

SEPTEMBER 10.—Billy Plimmer v. George Corfield.

SEPTEMBER 22.—J. T. Hull's Boxing Tournament, Drill Hall, Woolwich.

SEPTEMBER 24.—Charlie Mannering's Grand Boxing Show at New Brompton, Chatham.

JACK EVERHARDT DEFEATS TOM IRELAND AT WONDERLAND.

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL BOXing match of the season has taken place, but a disagreeable end has befallen it. It was far different to the contests that have always taken place here, as between Londoners they understand that they have to do as the referee tells them. The American style of boxing—hitting in a breakaway—was barred, both of the contestants agreeing not to hit as they did so. As regards Ireland, he did not hit as they broke away, but he hit in the clinches. It is true this had not been stated, though the other agreement almost covers it. As soon as the men got together they closed, and Everhardt hit as they released each other from the clinches. For ten rounds this continued, and finally, amidst a scene of confusion, the referee got into the ring to restore order, and one of Ireland's seconds got into the ring, and the presiding official thereupon disqualified the Londoner. Everhardt arrived in England a short time ago, and wanted to get on a match with Dick Burge or "Dido" Plumb, but the N.S.C. had no date open early in the coming season, and the American, who wanted to get to work, told one of our representatives that he wanted to fight as soon as possible. Everhardt has been recognised as one of the best 10st boxers in the United States, and in 1893 he contested 85 rounds with Andy Bowen at New Orleans. Jack Burke, Stanton Abbott, Owen Zeigler, Charles McKeever, and Horace Leeds have all been met, while he lost twice in twenty and twenty-four rounds respectively to "Kid" Lavigne. The Londoner has long been acknowledged the best 9st 6lb lad in the metropolis, and during the past ten years has met almost every boxer of note. A clever and game lad is Ireland, and what the public like best is the fact that he always fights to win, and it would take the best in Great Britain at his weight to beat him. With a dearth of really good 10st boxers our representative saw Ireland and made a match at 10st between the American and the Londoner. Always a useful man, Ireland's chance was not regarded in the light of a good one, odds of 4 to 1 being laid on the Yankee before they got in the ring, but the subsequent proceedings showed the odds were in no way warranted. Having seen Everhardt box while training, his remarkable exhibition is puzzling. The first part of this remarkable meeting was the quarrel over the time of the rounds, as the boxers, when they signed articles, left that open, stating that they would agree whether it should be two or three minute rounds on the evening they fought. This was the point argued, as the lighter man (Ireland) stood out for two minutes, while the South American wanted three, but after a great deal of argument the Yankee agreed to box two-minute rounds. Details:

TEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

GEORGE DUNNY beat ARCHIE WRIGHT
(Stoke Newington) (Meat Market).

They were well matched as regards size and weight, and after crossing to corners commenced boxing. Starting in an easy manner Dunny surprised everyone when, after three-quarters of a minutes' boxing, he hooked the left under the heart. Wright went down, and failing to rise in the stipulated time Dunny was returned the winner.

FIFTEEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

"PONK" ANDREWS beat JACK GOVER
(Bethnal Green) (Edmonton).

The first named looked in the pink of condition, but though heavier Gover carried a lot of fat that was of no use to him. It must be a decade ago since Gover was meeting the best in England, and his bouts with Callan and others in the old style proclaimed him a game one. As soon as they stood up the older man set the pace, but his blows were lacking in force, and did not tell on his opponent. The Bethnal Green representative boxed very cool and collected, and did not turn a hair when the full distance had been gone through, and could have kept on boxing at the rate he did for a week. During the opening rounds Gover had the best of points, and in the fifth he scored a clean knock down. The next four meetings saw Andrews improve, and in some good boxing each in turn went down. The rest of the way saw Andrews get in front, and adding to his advantage he secured the verdict. When this had been given Gover expressed his wish to meet Andrews over a longer journey, but though a pretty bout, the pace they went at, made it seem as if a month at it would not tire them.

SPECIAL TEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

"JEWEY" COOKE beat TED WARE
(Bloomsbury) (Mile End).

Ever since their last meeting Ware has been longing for another cut at Cooke, but when the chance arrived the money to train was wanting. Consequently, though he went away for about five days, the training he had was not worth mentioning. We have seen Cooke box many times during the past seven years, but have never seen him box better than he did last Monday. He has improved almost beyond comparison since he and Ware last met. The uproar was incredible, being louder and more continuous than in the big fight (that was bad enough), and the referee was always in the ring to part the couple. From the start the Bloomsbury youth took the lead, and, despite a game struggle on Ware's part, held it to the end. Cheer after cheer rang out as, in the eighth round, Ted, after knocking "Jewey" down, helped him to his feet, and Cooke thanked him for doing so. Though Ware pulled up in the last three rounds Cooke was always in front, and gained the award. For the bouts Mr. R. Josephs acted as referee, with Harry Jacobs as timekeeper, while Ben Harris did the talking (there was plenty of it) in a very efficient manner. The seconds were a numerous body, Young Solly, Charlie Smith, Joe Jacobs, Albert Dixon, Bill Chester, Jerry Donoghue, and about a score of others.

TWENTY ROUNDS INTERNATIONAL CONTEST.

JACK EVERHARDT v. TOM IRELAND
(America) (London).

Ireland was the first to enter the arena, having as attendants his trainer, Bob Knott, Bill Baxter, Bill Chester, and Eddy Pearce, while in Everhardt's corner were George Gardiner, Billy Tucker, and his trainer, Herman Wolff. The betting was considerable, odds of 3 to 1 being laid, and finally a small bet of £18 to £3 was laid on the American. A lot of wrangling ensued over the time of the rounds, and after a lot of talk Everhardt gave way to Ireland's claim of two minutes a round. This caused a lot of difference in the odds, as little as 2 to 1 being taken and wanted. Ireland led as soon as they stood up, but Jack was very cautious and evidently wanted to see the state of affairs. Halfway through the round Everhardt with a left hook sent Ireland down, and as he arose went for him, but the Londoner cleverly slipped, and Jack fell upon the ropes. On rising a lot of holding and scrambling resulted, amidst cries of "foul." Ireland was very popular, and though his opponent was favourite in the betting, he was the one the audience wanted to win. The second and third meetings were similar, Tom scoring well, but hits in the clinches and on the breakaway were indulged in. The American, who seemed nearly a stone the heavier, made a hit for the head, and while holding got into position for using the right. This he did, and a cry of "Foul!" was raised, one of Tom's advisers getting into the ring. Wild is a mild word with which to compare the scene that took place, and after some discussion, that lasted ten minutes, they were ordered to continue. Everhardt was the stronger and had a bit the best of the opening of the eighth round, but his opponent took advantage of every opportunity, and held a long lead when time was called. During the ninth round Ireland said, "He says he has got me," at the same time sending a hard, flush hit on the Yankee's face, and his opponent's return hit was on the body. The tenth round saw both pursuing the same tactics, hitting in the clinches being to the American's advantage, and an uproarious scene prevailed. The referee jumped into the ring, and one of the Londoner's seconds doing the same, he was disqualified, and Everhardt returned the winner. Mr. Charles Godtschalk officiated as referee, with Harry Jacobs as timekeeper.

"PEDLAR" PALMER MATCHED WITH HARRY WARE.

ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12, "Pedlar" Palmer and Harry Ware will again try conclusions at the National Sporting Club. On the last occasion the pair went to scale at 8st 2lb, but they meet on the next occasion at the bantam limit, 8st 4lb. Whether the extra 2lb will favour Palmer or Ware remains to be seen, but a stout and scientific encounter is sure to be seen between two such clever exponents of the game.

FREEMAN, THE EX-AMATEUR BANTAM CHAMPION, v. JOE WILLIAMS, OF ROTHERHAM.

FREEMAN, OF THE LYNN BOXING Club, who has now turned professional, is the smallest bantam (weight, 6st 10lb) who ever won a bantam championship. Freeman is now matched with the best pro. at the weight (6st 10lb)—Joe Williams, of Rotherham. The lads agree to box at 8st, the lowest weight allowed at the N.S.C., on October 15 next, for £50 a-side and the N.S.C. purse, weigh in at two o'clock. Freeman, who is twenty years old, has been before the public some two years, and in addition to winning the championship already referred to, in which he in turn disposed of T. Rippington (Barnsbury B.C.) and E. Moody (Gothic Gym. Society), he was runner-up to H. Dawkins (Oxford House) in the Polytechnic B.C. 9st competition, 1899; won the Vesta R.C. 7st 6lb prize, beat A. E. Hanks and T. H. Gibbs, and has lost to A. Skidmore (Eton Mission B.C.) in 1899 championship, and since then to E. Moody. We should think he would find no difficulty in getting to 7st 3lb; but as such a limit is prohibited at the N.S.C., there was no alternative but to sign at smallest possible allowance. For a long time the Lynn representative has been looked upon as a boxer of high merit, and it should afford a deal of interest to see how he will perform against the well-tried Yorkshireman, who for a long time has been acknowledged the best 7st lad in England. His last appearance in the ring as a principal was at Newcastle in June last, when he beat Jem Exall in thirteen rounds.

CHARLES GOODE RE "POWDER" SIMMONS.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

SIR,—Between my challenge to "Powder" Simmons and his taking it up business complications cropped up of a nature to prevent my making any match earlier than the end of September. I informed Simmons of this and offered to make a match for the date mentioned, and the matter now rests with Simmons if he really means business.

As to my using Simmons's name as an advertisement after the good men I have met, I must say that my reputation would gain nothing from linking my name with his.

"Powder" Simmons makes some unjustifiable remarks respecting my backing. I can claim so far to have carried out my engagements in such a way that my backers will be ready at the right time to cover any money deposited by Simmons. In conclusion, I may say that I have no desire to be drawn into a paper battle with Simmons, but to meet him in the ring, which is far preferable to throwing dirt.

Yours faithfully,
CHAS. GOODE.

CHARLEY MANNERING OPENS HIS Boxing Show at New Brompton, Chatham.—On September 24 Charley Mannering, a well-known and enthusiastic promoter of boxing, intends giving a silver enamel belt, weighing 3oz, and value 10gs. This will be put up for amateurs at 9st. The contests will be brought off on two evenings, the final taking place on the 23rd of the following month. The runner-up will receive a good prize. THE MIRROR OF LIFE will appoint referee. Entries to be sent not later than September 10 to Charles Mannering, 107, Victoria Street, New Brompton, Chatham.

STOKER J. DORNEY, OF H.M.S. Severn, hearing of the boxing abilities of Stoker W. Denton, of H.M.S. Royal Adelaide, J. D. would be very pleased to box him the best of six rounds if Lieutenant Hatcher, of H.M.S. Northumberland will give a silver cup worth boxing for.

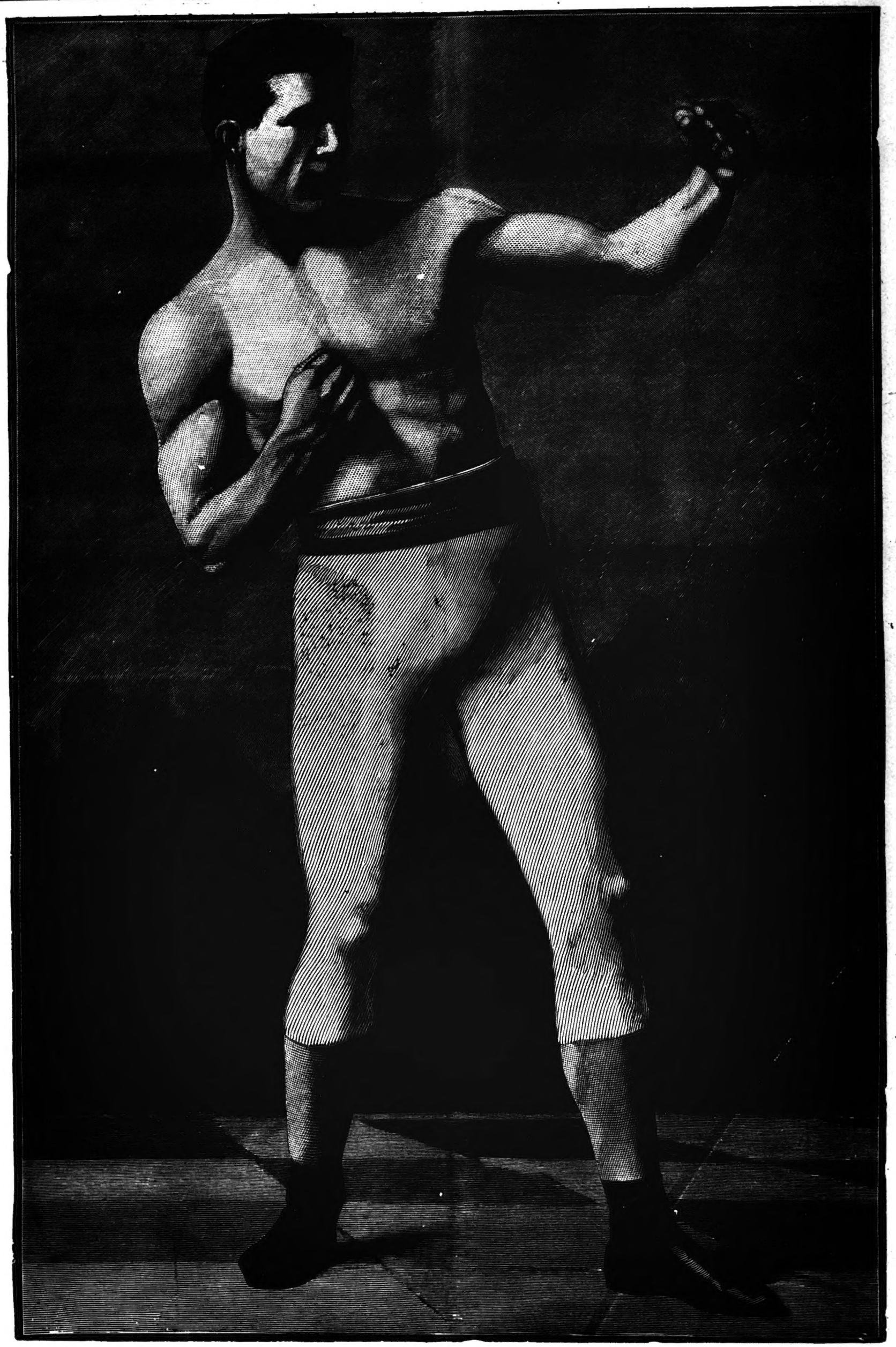
JOE GOODWIN WHO MET BILL Dickerson at Wonderland on Saturday, being dissatisfied with the verdict, would like to meet Dickenson again if Joe Smith will give a purse.

CHARLEY RYDER DEFEATS TONY AMOR.

WHEN "PEDLAR" PALMER WAS the boxing manager at Wonderland, he arranged a special ten-stone competition as an extra inducement to the public to attend the Saturday evening show. Two of the Hoxton brigade ran up into the final, but for some reason or other this six rounds has never been contested. A lot of talk has since taken place between the pair, and as each fancied his chance, a well-known publican and bookmaker offered them a purse to contest ten rounds at a private show. The Hoxtonians accepted the purse, and had a side bet of £10 a-side on the result, and with plenty of betting ensuing a large amount depended on the issue. The resort was a well-selected one on the Surrey side of the Thames, not more than a mile from the Elephant and Castle. Ryder has the best record, and has been challenging England, anxious to meet any 9st 10lb to 10st 2lb novice in the United Kingdom. He easily won a ten-stone competition at the National Sporting Club, but (from memory) he has only been beaten by Bert Firmin and Dave Barry (America). He is one of those rare good novices that are capable of being champions. His opponent has won a few competitions, but has done nothing worth mentioning. At the rendezvous a small, but select company was present, not more than a score being there when a start was made, but with a few arriving as time went on between thirty and forty saw the principal event. Details: Alf Carey and Charlie Alford started with an exhibition spar of three rounds. Alford was very much on the big side, set the pace, and the company showed their appreciation by recalling the pair. Harry Taphouse and Tom Dixon showed to advantage in a spirited bout of the noble art. Mr. Albert Sperry was all there as M.C., doing the duties as if to the manner born, while THE MIRROR OF LIFE was appointed timekeeper and referee. Six Rounds Contest: "Ginger" Mallett beat Harry Fowler.—The former looked a stone and a half heavier than his opponent, and weight told its tale, though Fowler gamely contested the opening round; he was knocked down twice in the next, and being unable to rise, Mallett won. Special Ten Rounds Contest for £20 and a purse: Charley Ryder beat Tony Amor.—Ryder had the assistance of Ernie Cambridge, while his opponent was seconded by Alf Carey and Charlie Alford. Ryder was the heavier of the twain, and also had the advantages of height and reach, and seemed confident of success. This is half the battle, and after shaking hands, Ryder directly sparred for an opening, sending the left on the frontispiece, and a hard right on the body. Amor staggered, and Ryder, with a straight left-hand jab, sent his opponent to the boards. He quickly got upon his feet, but Ryder gave him no rest, and following up his advantage, soon crossed the right over his opponent's guard, and Amor went to sleep. It was a fight while it lasted, but Ryder was much the better general, and taking advantage of the first opening, won in the opening round. The wind-up was between Mr. Ernie Cambridge and Mr. C. Smith (one of the exponents of Sandow's system of muscular development), the instructor to a club held in the vicinity. A very fast bout, both amateurs doing themselves full justice, and Mr. Smith must be congratulated on doing all that the book (he studies the book on boxing, and all about straight lefts, counters, and cross-counters, right and left guards, &c.) told him. In the near future another private entertainment wil be held, and the motto will be good boxing and plenty of it.

CONTEST AT SHEFFIELD.—THE City Boxing Club at Sheffield was crowded on Saturday night, when, in addition to several exhibition bouts, the programme also comprised a contest between H. Pearson, of Manchester, and J. Butler, of London, who were to box twelve rounds each of two minutes' duration at 7st 6lb, for a purse presented by T. Garside. Each is about nineteen years of age. Butler looked fully half a stone the heavier. The contest was one of the shortest that ever took place at this club. Pearson was the first to lead the left, but Butler replying with a right, Pearson kept on leading, but every time he landed on Butler's face the latter more than equalised with the right, and it was quite apparent that it was only a matter of time for Pearson to receive the knockout, which Butler administered with a right-handed blow, the round lasting only about two minutes. Tommy Garside was referee, and Mr. Taylor, of Leeds, timekeeper.

JACK GORK, SEEING THAT SULLIvan, of Cardiff, is in want of a match, J. C. will box him ten rounds for the purse offered by Joe Smith. This challenge is also open to Fred Reid. An answer will oblige.



JAMES J. CORBETT,

Who Put "Kid" McCoy to Sleep in Five Rounds on Thursday Evening, August 30, 1900, at the Twentieth Century Athletic Club, New York City.

"KID" McCOY.

Who was Knocked Out in Five Rounds by James J. Corbett at the Twentieth Century Athletic Club, New York City, on Thursday Evening, August 30, 1900.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

BOB FITZSIMMONS KNOCKS OUT TOM SHARKEY

IN TWO ROUNDS.

(Special Report from Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

NEW YORK, August 25, 1900.

Since the time that Referee Wyatt Earp decided that Thomas Sharkey defeated Robert Fizsimmons on a foul in California several years ago, the sailor has constantly maintained that he was the Cornishman's master in that encounter, and could again demonstrate his superiority. Last night in the ring of the Seaside Sporting Club at Coney Island Sharkey, improved as to science and in the best physical condition possible, again had an opportunity to demonstrate to ring followers whether there was truth in his repeated statements. To the satisfaction of 5,000 spectaters Fitzsimmons showed that in every respect he was the master of Sharkey, who was counted out in the second round, because of his inability to get his feet after ten seconds had been ticked off by Referee Charley White. While the result was decisive, Sharkey came near springing a surprise. He started aggressive tactics as soon as the bell opened the first round, and a moment before that round ended the Sailor landed a swing on the jaw that knocked Fitzsimmons flat upon the floor. The Cornishman was unquestionably in some distress from the effects of that punch, but the bell came to his rescue, and in the ensuing minute which he had in his corner he recovered sufficiently to enable him to make a hurricane fight to the finish. Fitzsimmons once again showed his tremendous hitting powers. He also illustrated the scientific principles of fighting, because he avoided many dangerous smashes, and then stepped in with short, accurate hooks that clearly made the sailor break ground. It is safe to say that there was not a punch delivered by Fitzsimmons that did not take effect. Whether it was the right or left hand that was used, and whether it was on the head or on the body that the blow landed, there was enough power behind every punch to take away the phenomenal strength of the muscular sailor, who was outclassed in headwork, generalship, speed, and hitting. Sharkey did not know how to fight Fitzsimmons. That was apparent from the first tap of the bell. The Cornishman knew that, and acted accordingly. The sailor rushed and swung round arm blows from behind his back to the head. Even at close quarters he did not try jolts or short body punches, but kept on swinging both hands, which invariably went around Fitz's neck. When he finally got into the mix-up at the end of the first round, which resulted in Fitzsimmons's fall, Sharkey became so excited that he did not come up for the second round with any degree of settled judgment. He was more perplexed then than in the first round as to the best way to get after Fitzsimmons, and as soon as the Cornishman surprised the sailor with a quick rush and a heavy assault Sharkey was all at sea. Fitz simply poured in short jolts to the head and stomach, all of which were inside of Sharkey's swings, with no idea of distance or objective points. The blows that Fitzsimmons put in were so powerful that Sharkey was soon staggering. Then Fitz showed his ability to follow up this advantage with an assault that simply blinded the sailor, and literally beat him down as though the Cornishman had a hammer in each hand. Though gifted with magnificent physique, such as only professional strong men possess, having the stamina of a giant, Sharkey could not stand up in front of these phenomenal smashes, and simply gave way when nature rebelled. Fitz's hitting again convinced the critics that he is at the top notch in this respect, and that just at present he is in better condition than at any time since he fought Corbett at Carson City. Fitzsimmons was not injured in the slightest by this encounter. He did not hurt either hand, and did not have a mark; consequently if Champion James J. Jeffries is anxious to fight next Friday, as his manager says he is, and arrangements can be made to bring him in contact with the victorious Cornishman, a battle for the heavy-weight championship of unusual interest can be brought off before the law in this State goes out of effect. Sporting men said last night that there should be no quibbling over this match, especially in view of the quickness of Fitzsimmons's victory over Sharkey, and his escape from serious injury. Jeffries has been training, and has been talking about a match with Fitzsimmons, and it appears to be up to both men to get into the ring and fight, or declare to the public that they prefer the pleasantries of a theatrical tour to a mix-up inside the ropes. Sharkey's defeat by Fitzsimmons in two rounds is in accordance with the form figured out by the talent. Ruhlin beat him in fifteen rounds, and Fitzsimmons beat Ruhlin in six, so that Sharkey's collapse in two would seem to indicate that those who made the Cornishman a 2 to 1 favourite knew what they were about. The fight was exciting first, though perhaps a little too brief to satisfy those who paid from 3dols. to 30dols. for seats. It also came after a most tiresome delay, caused by gross mismanagement, which gave another black eye to the Coney Island Club, sufficient to keep its doors closed for sometime to come, even should a new boxing law go into effect. Of all the absurd wrangles and misunderstandings between the managers and the fighters, last night's incidents were the most disgusting. There was no excuse, and if things had been conducted in the proper manner the crowd would have been back in the city at a seasonable hour. As it was, Fitzsimmons and Sharkey did not begin their battle until 11.15 o'clock, after a long argument as to the amount of money referee Charley White was to receive, and the posting of 25,000 dols. in cash in the hands of a responsible stakeholder before the principals entered the ring. Possibly Fitzsimmons and Sharkey realise that they made a mistake in not fighting at Madison Square Garden instead of at that Island, for the attendance was far below expectations; in fact, it was estimated that the club lost a good round sum because it guaranteed a purse of 25,000dols. The gate receipts could not have exceeded 15,000dols, and Fitzsimmons put the screws on when he compelled the club officials to put up the original purse in cash before he got into the ring. He had the club on the hip, for it was a case of put up or flunk in the presence of a crowd that had paid good money to see a first-class fight. When Fitzsimmons was dressed and came out of the building he did not have a mark. He laughed heartily when his friends asked him how he felt, and said: "Well, I won easy and got the money. I'm not yet ready to say what I'll do in regard to a fight with Jeffries." Fitzsimmons has accomplished in the last two weeks something that no other fighter has done in a long time. He has knocked out two of the strongest men physically in the ring, Gus Ruhlin, of Akron, Ohio, and Sharkey. This is a feat that Jeffries has yet to duplicate, for he boxed a twenty-round draw with Ruhlin, and could not stop Sharkey in twenty-five rounds. In fact it will be remembered that the sailor put up such a fight against the champion that the decision of Referee Siler, though perfectly fair, was much disputed. Therefore, it stands to reason that if Fitzsimmons is able to knock-out both Ruhlin and Sharkey inside of two weeks, he must be in fit condition to put up a much better fight against Jeffries than when he was knocked out by the champion in the eleventh round last summer. Fitzsimmons stands to-day as the only rival to Jeffries. There is no other pugilist in his class, and when he said the other day that McCoy and Corbett were second-raters he evidently spoke by the card. The Cornishman has fought his way to the front again, and it is up to Jeffries either to stop him once again or yield to his prowess. The betting still hung at 5 to 3, "Honest" John Kelly offering 10,000dols to 6,000dols on Fitz as many times as any one would care to take it. That was the prevailing price at the ringside when the men appeared.

THE MEN IN THE RING.

Sharkey was the first to enter the ring. He wore a blue bath robe and green trunks. His hair was closely cut, and looked as strong as a bull. He sat down in the corner occupied by Jeffries in all of his winning fights at this club, and also by Ruhlin when he beat the sailor. Sharkey wore bandages on his hands. He pulled off his bath robe immediately because of the heated atmosphere, and sat on his chair, his seconds following him leisurely. There was another delay before Fitzsimmons appeared. New sets of gloves were thrown into the middle of the ring, but that did not help matters, as Fitzsimmons was still in the dressing-room at 10.55. Soon it was stated that the Cornishman had declined to get into the ring until the 25,000 dols. stake was put up in the hands of a responsible stakeholder. The information came direct from the dressing-room, where Fitzsimmons was ready for business and waiting for an official statement from the club officials. The crowd, driven to desperation, hissed and indulged in cat calls, but it did no good. Sharkey's seconds sponged him off and fanned him, but that was not what the people were there for. They wanted a fight, and had been waiting over two hours for one, having paid exorbitant prices to get into the club. Many of the spectators were ready to go home. Suddenly Macias made a rush to Sharkey's corner, and held a hurried consultation with O'Rourke. The latter got down out of the ring, and whispered in the ear of Assemblyman Timothy D. Sullivan. It looked as though Fitzsimmons held the whip-hand, for the managers were away up a tree, and did not know what to do in the face of the clamoring assemblage. It was either a case of putting up 25,000dols. in cash or handing out money to the crowd after declaring everything off. At 11.10 o'clock Fitzsimmons finally came out of his dressing-room, the crowd hooting and hissing him all the way to the ring. There was some applause, but that was smothered. The Cornishman wore a long, white bath robe, and had on white trunks. He brought his own gloves with him. When stripped he looked in such fine condition that the crowd cheered. His hands and wrists were wrapped in bandages. He wore a belt of the American flag round his waist. O'Rourke looked at his hands, and pronounced them all right. Then Fitzsimmons pulled on his gloves, while O'Rourke put on Sharkey's. Fitzsimmons did not like the reception he got, and frowned as he looked out through the ropes at the spectators. After the usual preliminaries the men were ready to go on at 11.15, the crowd refusing to allow Announcer Harvey to make any more speeches. The conditions were twenty-five rounds, Queensberry rules. Their seconds were as follows: For Fitzsimmons—Dan Hickey, Jeff Thorne, and Jack Neary; timekeeper, Billy Roeber. For Sharkey—Tom O'Rourke, "Spider" Kelly, Jem Buckley, and Jack Sullivan; timekeeper, Jemmy Colville, of Boston. Referee, Charley White. Though the men did not tell their weights, Fitzsimmons was about 170lb, while Sharkey was fully fifteen pounds heavier.

THE FIGHT—BY ROUNDS.

Round 1. Sharkey immediately rushed with a left swing, which was well avoided. Fitz backing to the ropes. Sharkey stood away for a moment, and then came back and rushed once more with wild swings, Fitz stepping out of reach. Sharkey rushed a third time, Fitzsimmons stepping to one side and driving a right to the heart. Sharkey advanced once more, and Fitz easily moved out of reach, laughing quietly to himself. Sharkey tried a wild right swing for the head and, Fitz ducking, countered heavily on the neck. Sharkey again ran in with swings, but the Cornishman got out of the way with nimble feet. Then Fitz stepped into a rush, and with a heavy jolt on the neck made Sharkey reel. The sailor, however, was still anxious to mix it, and kept on swinging for the head. Fitz stood well out of reach whenever there was a rush, but always came back with solid punches, chiefly in the stomach. Fitz blocked a heavy left for the head, and laughed as he stepped in with a right-hand body punch. Sharkey went in to mix it then, and Fitz, standing close, slugged him right and left until Sharkey clinched. As they broke Sharkey landed a terrific left swing on the jaw. Another punch by the sailor knocked Fitz down, but before he could get up the bell rang. Round 2. Sharkey, thinking that he had the fight almost in his grasp, rushed out of his corner like a bulldog. Fitzsimmons seemed to be still weak in the legs, and stood waiting for the sailor near the ropes. Sharkey jumped into him with right and left swings directed to the head, but Fitzsimmons leaped into a clinch with alertness and escaped. Then, to the surprise of the sailor, Fitzsimmons began to do some rushing himself. With a right-hand smash in the region of the heart the Cornishman made Sharkey stagger. Tom was in the act of advancing at the time, and as he got the punch he threw his arms around Bob's neck. Then it was a case of mix-up, both men swinging right and left heavily for the jaw and body, until Fitzsimmons reached the chin with a short right hook and made Sharkey hang on. That was a punch that carried enough weight with it to convince the Cornishman that he had a fair chance here to win the fight in short order. So, regardless of Sharkey's blows, which were wild and inaccurate, Fitzsimmons piled in with short, hard, effective jolts that made the burly sailor reel backward to the ropes. Sharkey seemed to realise what was coming, for he began to fight with desperation, until Fitz swung a heavy right-hand belt to the jaw which knocked the sailor flat upon the floor. Sharkey took a count from Referee White, and while he did so Fitzsimmons coolly waited for another chance to beat him down. Regaining his feet Sharkey began to swing again with no judgment, and Fitzsimmons, brushing aside the blows as if they were delivered by a child, dashed in with a volley of smashes that fairly blinded the sailor. The punches came from every quarter. They landed in Sharkey's face and stomach until his hands dropped to his side, and he was clearly bewildered. A double body punch almost settled him as he groaned in a corner on the defensive. Fitzsimmons then hustled, for it was the opportune moment. It was another mix-up, and Fitzsimmons, standing in so close that his face almost touched the sailor's countenance, with a fearful left swing that did not travel very far, reached the point of the jaw. Down went Sharkey on all fours, the blood running out of his mouth. Referee White stood over him and counted the seconds with deliberation. The big sailor tried gamely to get upon his feet again, but it was out of the question. Fitzsimmons, bleeding from the lips, also stood a few feet away, ready to send in another finishing punch, if necessary, but he was not called upon to do anything more, for upon the tenth count Sharkey was still struggling to get up and was fairly beaten. Fitzsimmons waved his hands in the air, and promptly spying champion Jeffries at the ringside, ran over to the latter and asked him to shake hands. Jeffries smiled grimly and kept his seat. "Get up, Jeff," said Fitz, "and shake hands." Then it was that Jeffries, the cynosure of all eyes, was compelled to arise and extend his hand to the winner. Fitz shook it cordially, but at the same moment he cast a meaning look at the champion, as much as to say, "I wish I had you in here to-night instead of this poor sailor." So it was that Fitzsimmons got the money again, for it had been guaranteed to him, as he had insisted before he entered the ring, and he was still further up the ladder, the top rung of which is at present occupied by the big California boilermaker. The crowd gave a great ovation to the Cornishman as he left the ring, and he richly deserved it, but there was not a word of sympathy for Sharkey, as he quietly climbed through the ropes and walked away to think it over, and possibly realise that Fitzimmons had squared accounts. Neither man was severely punished, although Sharkey will probably feel the effects of the few solid whacks he received which entitled him to the loser's end of the purse. The time of the round was 2min 6sec.

INTERVIEWS WITH THE FIGHTERS.

Fitz dressed himself in a hurry, and was out of the building inside of fifteen minutes. He had no marks. He refused even to take a rub down from his seconds, saying: "I'm blooming thirsty." When asked what he had to say about the fight the victorious Cornishman remarked: "I knew all along that I would win, but really I did not think that I could do the trick so quickly. I expected that Sharkey would at least stay about five rounds, but I'm glad it happened as it did, for it shows conclusively that I defeated him at San Francisco on the level four years ago. I was willing to do anything to wipe out that stigma. Now that I've got even, I am satisfied. The fight was no illustration of what I would have done had the battle gone farther. I was in the best condition of my life. I did not get much of a sweat on, as you know, and I was not even well warmed up. I am delighted, however, that Sharkey is not seriously hurt, for he is a good fellow. Sharkey fought just the way I expected he would. He came at me with a rush, and I had no trouble in reaching him. In the first round he caught me lightly on the jaw, and knocked me down. It was not exactly a hard blow, but it was enough to jar me. The punch that did the business was the left. I made a feint with the right, and as he came forward I nailed him with the left. I observed as soon as my glove landed that the smash had dazed Sharkey, for he began to sway back and forth like a drunken man. Quick as a flash I hit him in the jaw again, and that was the knock-out. What do I think of Sharkey? Well, I cannot say, because our battle to-night was too short to size him up. He is not as good a man as Ruhlin, however. The latter is shiftier and more clever, whereas Sharkey depends mostly upon rushes and wallops to win. He can hit harder than Ruhlin, and is a game fellow. Many a man would have gone down and out after he got that crack in the wind." "I'm going to take a rest," said Fitzsimmons, when asked what would be his plans. "I think I need one. I have engaged already in two battles inside of two weeks, and have knocked out both of my opponents, something the other heavy-weights have not done. I am not as young as I used to be, but I am as strong as when I was twenty-one years old. I took care of myself, and that is the secret of my

success. I don't want to say that I want to quit the ring for good, for there are several more good fights in me, and I am going to make all the money I can before I get grey. I mean to become the champion of the world again, and the only man in the way now is Jem Jeffries. He whipped me once, but I don't think he will do it again. When me met I had not fought in a couple of years, and naturally I was not in the best of condition. But I am in great form now, and really think that if we were to meet again soon I would come out on top. In fact, I held Jeffries too cheap; but I learned a lesson, and will not be caught napping the next time. If they give me enough money I guess I will be ready to fight Jeffries some time inside of the next six months." Sharkey took his defeat good naturedly. He was sucking a lemon when the reporter saw him in his dressing-room. With the exception of a puffed lip and a bruise over the left temple he did not show any outward traces of the battle. "It was just a case of hard luck, that's all," said the sailor. "If the gong had not sounded on time in the first round I would have been the victor. But that is one of the fortunes of war. I made a mistake in mixing it up. If I had followed the advice of my seconds and fought the second round the way I did the first everything would have been all right, but I thought otherwise, and I was licked. Fitz is a wonderful fighter for an old man. Why, Jeffries is not in it with him, and if the two ever meet I will put my money on Bob. He is the greatest hitter in the world. When he landed on me I did not know what hit me. The blows came so fast that I did not know how to fight him at all. What am I going to do? Well, I intend to work my way up to the top again. I am still young and strong, and I guess I can yet win a few fights. Fitz is the toughest customer I ever faced. He has two good hands; you don't know which one is going to land first. I have no excuse to offer. It was a case of which could get home the knock-out blow first, and Fitz was the lucky man. I would like to fight him again, however, for this battle was too short to suit me. If I had been able to go three rounds further he could not have stood the heavy pace which we set, as he would certainly have tired. I'm not hurt at all. I simply wish to say that Fitz can beat them all, and is really the champion. He'll whip Jeffries as sure as you live if they ever meet."

FITZSIMMONS'S RECORD.

First appearance at Timaru, N.Z., in Jem Mace's competition, 1880, in which he defeated four men, winning amateur championship of New Zealand.

Next year, same competition, beat five men, among them Herbert Slade (the Maori.)

Other not dated Australian performances are as follows:—

Jem Crawford, 3; Bill Slavin, 7; "Starlight," 9; Arthur Cooper, 3; Jack Murphy, 8; Brinsmead, 2; Jack Greentree, 3; Dick Sandall, 4, amateur championship of New Zealand; Conway, 2; Prof. West, 1; Pablo Frank, 2; Jack Riddle, 4; Eager, 2.

1889.		
Dick Ellis	W *	3 rounds
1890.		
Jim Hall	L ****	4 rounds
Billy McCarthy	W	9 rounds
Arthur Upham	K	5 rounds
1891.		
Jack Dempsey	K	13 rounds
Abe Congle	K	2 rounds
Black Pearl	W	4 rounds
1892.		
Peter Maher	W	12 rounds
James Farrell	K †	2 rounds
Joe Godfrey	K	1 round
Jerry Slattery	K	2 rounds
Millard Zender	K	1 round
1893.		
Jem Hall	K	4 rounds
Phil Mayo	K	2 rounds
Warner	K	1 round
Jack Hickey	W	3 rounds
1894.		
Joe Choynski	D **	5 rounds
Frank Kellar	K	2 rounds
Dan Creedon	K	2 rounds
1895.		
Al Allish	K	3 rounds
1896.		
Peter Maher	K	1 round
Peter Maher	No dec.	3 rounds
Tom Sharkey	L. F.***	8 rounds
1897.		
James J. Corbett	K	14 rounds
1899.		
Jem Jeffries	K. by	11 rounds
Jeff Thorn	K	1 round
1900.		
Ed Dunkhurst	K	2 rounds
Gus Ruhlin	K	6 rounds
Knocked out Tom Sharkey		2 rounds

SHARKEY'S RECORD.

1894.		
Jack Langley	K	8 rounds
Rough Thompson	K	3 rounds
Rough Thompson	K	1 round
Nick Burley	K	8 rounds
George Washington	K	2 rounds
Billy Tate	K	4 rounds
Sailor Brown	K	2 rounds
Nick Mulvihill	—	20 rounds
1896.		
Joe Choynski	W	8 rounds
Jem Williams	W	—
James J. Corbett	D	4 rounds
John L. Sullivan	No dec.	3 rounds
Bob Fitzsimmons	W. F.	8 rounds
1897.		
Peter Maher	D	7 rounds
Joe Goddard	W	6 rounds
1898.		
Joe Choynski	D	8 rounds
Jem Jeffries	L	20 rounds
Gus Ruhlin	K	1 round
Jem Corbett	W. F¶	9 rounds
1899.		
Kid McCoy	K	10 rounds
Jack McCormick	K	2 rounds
Tommy Ryan	Exhib.	6 rounds
Jem Jeffries	L	25 rounds
1900.		
Joe Goddard	W	6 rounds
Jem Jeffords	K	2 rounds
Texas Jem McCorm'k	K	1 round
Joe Choynski	W	3 rounds
Yank Kenny	K	1 round
Gus Ruhlin	K. by	15 rounds
Knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons		2 rounds

MEASUREMENTS OF FITZ AND SHARKEY.

Sharkey.		Fitzsimmons.
5 ft. 8½ inches	Height	5 ft. 11½ inches
190 pounds	Weight	175 pounds
70 inches	Reach	75½ inches
17 inches	Neck	17 inches
44½ inches	Chest	44 inches
47½ inches	Chest Expanded	48 inches
33 inches	Waist	38 inches
22 inches	Thigh	23½ inches
16½ inches	Calf	14 inches
7½ inches	Wrist	7½ inches
11½ inches	Forearm	11½ inches
12½ inches	Biceps	14½ inches
27 years	Age	37 years

*W.—Won. †K.—Knocked out.
**D.—Draw. No Dec.—No Decision.
***L. F.—Lost on a Foul.
¶W. F.—Won on a Foul.
****L.—Lost.

CHARLEY McKEEVER, OF AMERICA, MATCHED WITH "DIDO" PLUMB.

"DIDO" PLUMB, OF KINGSLAND, appears to be the emergency man of the N.S.C. Whenever a foreigner near "Dido's" weight arrives in this country, "Dido" is communicated with. Like Barkis, "Dido" is always "willin'," consequently his meeting with colonials and Americans must have been as good as an annuity to "Dido." To name a few who have suffered defeat at "Dido's" hands we have only to mention Fred Morris ("The Cyclone"), Bill Hefferman, Billy Edwards, and Jemmy Ryan. The match with our newest arrival, Charley McKeever, has been made for the N.S.C. purse and £100 or £200 a-side. The contest to take place on Monday, October 15, at 10st 12lb, fifteen 3min rounds. The contestants to weigh in at two o'clock on the day of the contest.

TOM KING, OF ALDGATE, TO Andrew Wood, of Gateshead.—Tom King would like to box Wood fifteen or twenty rounds if any gentleman in Gateshead will give a purse.

BILL BAKER, OF BATTERSEA, IN answer to Bill Williams, of Clerkenwell, will box him ten rounds at catch-weight, and will meet him at the Queen Victoria, Barnet Grove, this evening (Wednesday). Baker can find a good side stake.

SAMMY KELLY CHALLENGES WILL CURLEY.

41, City Road, Birmingham.

To the Editor, THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

Sammy Kelly not receiving a reply from his challenge to Billy Plimmer, I, William Jenkins will match Sammy Kelly to meet Will Curley in a twenty rounds contest, three minutes each, at 8st 10lb, for £200 a-side and the best purse offered. THE MIRROR OF LIFE to appoint referee. I will meet Curley any day that he will appoint at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office to sign articles.

WM. JENKINS.

"DIDO" PLUMB v. McKEEVER.

HARRY HUGHES, BOXING SALOON Proprietor, of Canning Town, now round Manchester, writes:—

To the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

SIR,—Just a line to let you know that I have this day forwarded on to Mr. Bettinson £50, being a first deposit of £200 for a match between "Dido" Plumb and McKeever, of America, to take place on October 15. The second deposit of £50 will be due on September 17. The final deposit of £100 will be due on October 8. He will go to his old training quarters, Gloucester Arms, Southsea, Portsmouth, under the care of Johnny Hughes. Will you please put this in your valuable paper, and oblige yours very truly,

HARRY HUGHES, of Canning Town (backer of "Dido" Plumb).

G. HARPER IS STILL OPEN TO box any lad at 6st 10lb or 6st 12lb, give or take 2lb, with small gloves, for a purse, and will guarantee a £25 up to £50 side bet.

BOXING AT ALDERSHOT.

THE ARMY CHAMPIONSHIPS.

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE of Colonel G. M. Fox, the boxing was carried very successfully through at the Gymnasium at Aldershot. Mr. B. J. Angle, referee. Details:—Heavy-weights: Sapper W. Estorffe (Royal Engineers) beat Sergeant J. Hall (6th Dragoons). Corporal Poulter (1st Dragoon Guards) beat Sergeant-Instructor-in-Fencing J. J. Baldwin (7th Dragoon Guards). Private Powell (9th Lancers) beat Private J. Knight (1st Grenadier Guards). Sergeant Fowerake (2nd Dragoon Guards, Queen's Bays) beat Private J. Connors (Royal Irish Reserve Regiment). Middle-weights: Private Grove (1st Dragoon Guards) beat Lance-Corporal G. Clarke (6th Royal Fusiliers). A. B. Skinner (Pembroke) beat Private Dell (1st Dragoon Guards). A. B. Haken (Pembroke) beat Sapper Radford (Royal Engineers). Sapper C. Ryan (Royal Monmouthshire Engineers Militia) beat Private Windsor (1st Dragoon Guards). Driver J. C. Weedon (Army Service Corps) beat Lance-Corporal D. Lambert (Royal Marine Light Infantry). Teamer Henderson beat Private Martell (2nd Dragoon Guards, Queen's Bays). Light-weights. — Sergt.-Instructor E. B. Dent (Gymnastic Staff) beat Private Murphy (5th Manchester Regiment). Private Linton (1st Dragoon Guards) beat Driver Ward (A.S.C.). Linton won in the first round. Lance-Corporal Sanders (2nd South Wales Borderers) beat Private Mason (1st Dragoon Guards). Private Brockwell (1st Dragoon Guards) beat Private Donovan (14th Hussars). Private Crutchley (11th Hussars) beat Sergeant R. Darrell (2nd Liverpool Regiment). Private Reid (4th Royal Dublin Fusiliers) beat Drummer C. Spencer (5th Royal Warwickshire Regiment). Feather-weights.—Private J. Murray (5th Manchester Regiment) beat Shoeing-Smith G. Stevens (Army Service Corps). Private A. Wheeler (6th Royal Fusiliers) beat Private Beizer (1st Dragoon Guards). Private Holder (3rd Royal Sussex Regiment) beat Private H. E. Simpson (Royal Home Counties Reserve Regiment). Heavy-weights.—Second Ties: Private G. Leader (6th Royal Fusiliers) beat Private J. Milburn (3rd Royal Northern Reserve Regiment). — Both drew byes, Milburn heavier. Leader fought him all over the ring, and had the best of the business throughout. Poulter beat Estorffe.—Poulter forced the pace, and did most of the work with both hands. It was a hard fight. Corporal W. M'Fadden (Royal Marine Artillery) beat Fowerake.—M'Fadden drew a bye. A fine massive fellow, knocked Fowerake out with a terrific punch in the first half-minute. Gunner Peters beat Powell.—Peters drew a bye. Officers' Middle-weights.—Captain C. A. Booth (5th Middlesex Regiment) beat Major C. J. Fog (5th Middlesex Regiment). Lieutenant F. G. Tanqueray Williaume (Royal Marine Artillery) beat Lieutenant L. M. Davies (Lancashire Artillery) (S.D.R. G.A.) Officers' Light-weights.—Lieutenant John Hubbard (3rd Grenadier Guards) a bye. Lieutenant D. Peel Ritchie (Royal Navy) beat Lieutenant F. H. J. Atkinson (Royal Monmouthshire E. Militia).—Atkinson tall, slim, and lighter. Ritchie the better boxer. Middle-weights.—Second Ties: Able Seaman J. M'Hale (H.M.S. Pembroke) beat Corporal C. J. Watts (Royal Marines).—Both drew byes. Sharp fighting each round. M'Hale won. Grove beat Private H. Taylor (2nd Dragoon Guards).—Taylor drew a bye. Very busy rounds. Grove winning. Skinner beat Hakin.—Skinner won in a round, knocking his man down twice. Ryan beat Weedon.—Sharp and severe from start to finish. An appeal to the referee. Private G. Roache (1st Grenadier Guards) beat Lance-Corporal J. Booker (2nd R.S.R.) — Both drew byes. Roache led in much better form, and won. Light-weights.—Second Ties: Private G. Callam (Royal Marines) beat Able Seaman A. Hayward (H.M.S. Pembroke). — They drew byes. Callam knocked his man out in a few seconds. Sergeant-Instructor E. B. Dent (Gymnastic Staff) beat Stoker J. Fitz-Patrick (H.M.S. Pembroke).—A hard fight. Dent smarter in use of the left. Saunders beat Linton.—Good straight punching, and one of the best contests of the day. Reid beat Crutchley.—Crutchley taller, but Reid won. Lance Corporal Sumner (the King's Own Royal Lancashire Regiment) beat Lance-Corporal W. Fairclough (A.S.C.).—Sumner commenced by knocking his man down twice, and won. Bandsman Lawrence (the King's Own R.L.R.) beat Corporal M'Causland (Norfolk Regiment).—Lawrence taller. They set to work all over the ring, Lawrence winning. On Saturday the annual Army and Navy Boxing meeting, held in the Army School of Gymnasia, was brought to a successful conclusion before an audience numbering some 5,000 spectators. The results were as follow: Officers' Middle-weights: Lieutenant Tanqueray Williaume (Royal Marine Artillery) beat Captain Booth (5th Manchesters), the latter being knocked out. Officers' Light-weights: Lieutenant H. Peel Ritchie (Royal Navy) beat Lieutenant John F. Hubbard (3rd Grenadier Guards). Feather-weights (warrant officers, petty, and non-com. officers and men): Final.—Private A. Wheeler (6th Fusiliers) beat Private Holder (3rd Royal Sussex) after a keen fight. Middle-weights (Army and Navy: Seaman Skinner (H.M.S. Pembroke) beat Private G. Roache (1st Grenadier Guards). Light-weights: Corporal Sanders (2nd South Wales Borderers) beat Private J. Reid (4th Royal Dublin Fusiliers). Heavy-weights: Corporal W. McFadden (Royal Marine Artillery) beat Corporal Poulter, (1st Dragoon Guards). General Montgomery Moore, C.B., distributed the cups and medals.

BOXING AT MALTA.

THERE WAS A PACKED HOUSE at the Royal Clarence Theatre, Corradino, on Wednesday, August 22, and some good bouts were put on, the principal event being a fifteen rounds contest for the bantam championship of the station, in which Finch proved victorious, being a great surprise to all. Proceedings opened with a three rounds exhibition between Boyce (A.B.) and Smith (A.B.), both of H.M.S. Venus. Some smart work was introduced, and both were applauded at the finish. Six Rounds Contest: Jarvis (R.M.L.I., H.M.S. Cæsar), beat W. Winning (A.B. Empress of India).—Winning was much the bigger man, and setting about his opponent at the start, he almost had him out, but half way through the second round Jarvis went down, and while on his hands and knees in the act of rising, Winning struck him on the jaw and was at once disqualified. Ten Rounds Contest: E. Warne (A.B., H.M.S. Royal Sovereign) beat Stoker Emery (Empress of India). This was rather tame for the first round or two, and they were both ordered to fight, and getting together they went at it for what they were worth. Warne always being a little in front, though Emery landed the right more than once, there was not sufficient force behind it, and at the finish Warne received the verdict on points. Then came the chief event, a Fifteen Rounds Contest for the Bantam-Weight Championship of the Mediterranean, between H. Finch (A.B., H.M.S. Illustrious), and R. Dutton (A.B., H.M.S. Empress of India).—The lads stripped fairly good, but Dutton looked in the best condition, and was a little the heavier. Round 1. Both lads started off at a rare pace. Dutton seemed to have most steam in his blows, but Finch ducked several well-meant rights. Both began to tire at the end of the round, but on coming up again they went at it like demons, and it seemed a case of who could last longest. Round 3 was a repetition of the first two, and here Finch began to get in some of his straight lefts in the face and pulled up his lost ground. Rounds 4 and 5 were fiercely fought, and first one and then another held an advantage, Finch leading for the face each time, while Dutton confined his work to the body. Round 6 started by Finch dashing in with straight lefts, reaching the face each time, and Dutton's right eye began to close up fast. Dutton tried hard for a knock-out, but Finch avoided his right, and Dutton going weak Finch banged away with both hands until time was called. Round 7 and last. Both were refreshed with the rest and a heavy slog took place for about a minute, when Dutton held his hand out and gave in, and Finch was returned the winner of a good contest. Finch afterwards challenged the fleet at 7st 10lb. The officials for the evening were: Referee, P. O. Underdown, gymnastic instructor H.M.S. Victorious. Timekeeper, Mr. Turner, R.N. Judges, Lieutenant Hill, R.N., Lieutenant Hepple, R.N.

PROFESSOR MOORE IS STILL open in Leeds with his boxing pavilion, accompanied with his first-class troupe of male and female boxers: Charley Arrowsmith, of Walsall, Jack Springhall, of London, 9st 6lb champion; Joe Elms, of America, 8st champion; Bill Fielder, of London, the 8st 6lb champion of England; Young Smith, of London; Professor Moore's novices, and other boxers will appear. The lady champions of America and Great Britain: Miss Bell, of America, Miss Moore, of Bristol. Likewise the champion midgets of Great Britain, Snowball and Figg. Professor Moore and his grand wrestling and boxing bear of the world. This troupe will appear nightly until further notice.

CORPORAL ROBERTS, ESSEX REGIment (late C. Grimditch, of Canning Town), not being satisfied with the decision given against him in the 9st competition at the Mechanics' Theatre, will box Hore again any number of rounds for the best purse offered. This is also open to the winner of the Army and Navy feather-weight championship. An early answer will oblige.

CHARLIE KNOCK TO TOM DIXON. —Knock, having no answer from Rodgers or Laycock, will box Tom Dixon, of Newcastle, twenty rounds at 9st 8lb, or catch-weight, and Mr. James Lowes's purse. An answer through this paper will lead to business.

BILL HEWETT SEEING THAT Young Spooney challenges any lad at 7st 4lb, Hewett would be pleased to box him eight or ten rounds if Joe Smith will give a purse.

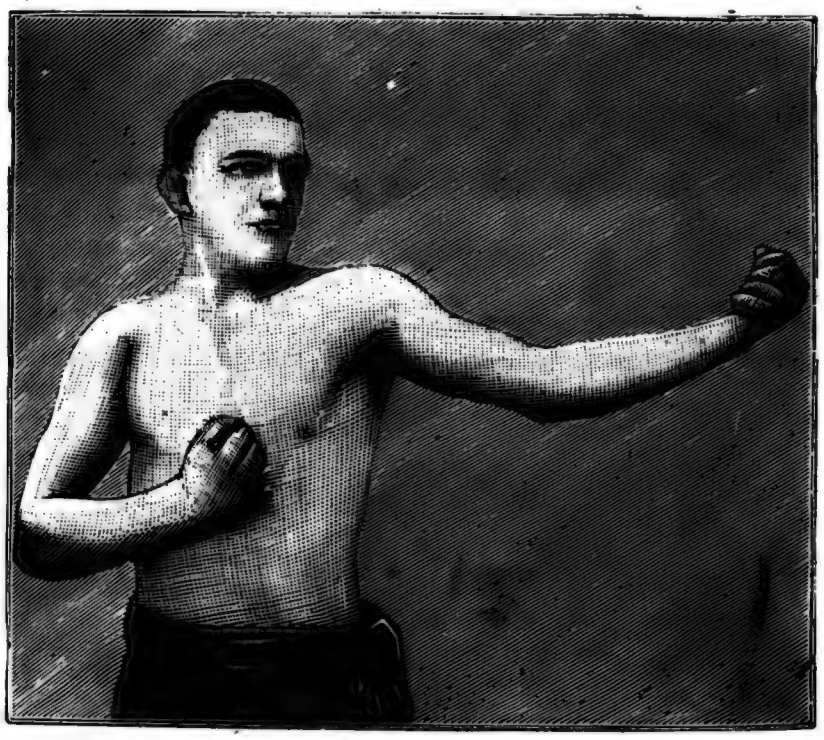
(*Continued on page* 14.)

SAM DRAFFIN,
Champion Cyclist of New South Wales.

CHARLIE BLACKBURN,
Retired 9st 4lb Champion of Lancashire, Now the Genial Proprietor of the Farmers' Arms, Great Newton Street, Liverpool.

N. E. BARNES AND G. M. BOYNTON,
The World Famous Walker, and Discoverer of the Montezuma Gold Mine at Hayden Creek, Colorado.

THE SPORTING DARKEY BOLTED WITH THE GUN,
And Left his Companion to the Two Animals.



DAL HAWKINS,
Of California, Soon to Arrive in England to Meet Anyone at 9st 7lb.

SAMMY KELLY,
Soon to Arrive in England to Meet Billy Plimmer at 8st 4lb.

BILL PIKE,
Of Leytonstone, who Met "Ginger" Elliott at Wonderland, September 3.

ANANIAS,
A Bay Stallion, Broke the Amateur Record for a Mile.

(Continued from page 11.)

ED. FITZGERALD, OF AUSTRALIA, TO ANY 9st 7lb MAN IN THE WORLD.

MR. BRODIE WILL BACK ED. FITZgerald, of Australia, to meet any 9st 7lb in Great Britain or the world in a twenty rounds contest (three minutes each) for £100 to £500 a-side and the best purse offered, THE MIRROR OF LIFE to appoint referee. All correspondence to be sent to Mr. Brodie, care of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

SATURDAY AT WONDERLAND. — A good company witnessed the entertainment put forward by Joe Smith, despite the warm weather that prevailed. The sports that patronise these shows always turn up to time, and in spite of the fact that it was not advertised the assembly present was as good as ever. Want of space prevent more than brief details. The officials were: Referee, MIRROR OF LIFE: timekeeper, Harry Jacobs; with Ben Harris doing the talking. Six Rounds Contest: Harry Sanders and Walter Brooks.—Both were novices, and what they lacked in science they made up in punching, fighting to a standstill in every round, and after the full distance had been travelled Sanders gained the verdict. Six Rounds Contest: Bill Sadler beat Bill Lewis.—The lads have met before, and this was a repetition of previous bouts, and Sadler added another victory to his record. Six Rounds Contest: Abe Hyde beat Bill Palmer.—The two were of the greyhound breed, and hit very hard, but Palmer (who does not belong to "Pedlar's" family) was not of the same class as his opponent, and, finding he had no chance, Palmer retired in the fourth round. Six Rounds Contest: Joe Goodwin and Bill Dickenson.—The last named had fought a hard battle the preceding evening, but after going easy in the opening round went on very strong, and wiped off arrears by the fourth round. A grand battle resulted during the final rounds, and Dickenson gained the award. Four Rounds Trial: Bert Adams and Bill Hough. — The last named had caused Adams's Waterloo, and this bout was a spite fight, and it proved as good as a contest. Six Rounds Contest: Jem Sweeney beat Nat Keyser.—This was a repetition of previous contests between the pair, and at the close the award went to Sweeney.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWcastle.—More attractive than ever was the programme promised by Mr. James Lowes at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, on Saturday evening, and in anticipation of a good evening's sport the spacious saloon was crowded to excess by a most enthusiastic crowd, who were not disappointed in their expectations of pleasure. It was a good augury of what had to follow—the meeting of Tom King, of Liverpool, and J. Johnson, of Newcastle—in the three rounds of which the local youth showed to much advantage. J. Carpenter and A. Stanley had a merry to-do for three rounds, and delighted the onlookers immensely, as did Jack Tait and "Darkey" Carpenter, who went to work in such a businesslike style that one would have thought that a kingdom was at stake. The most interesting exhibition of the evening was the three rounds meeting between George Bell and Tom Dixon, the last-named of whom is due to box Jem Barry, of London, at the N.S.C. on the first Monday of next month, and we can say that he is looking extremely well. The pair gave an exceedingly scientific and interesting show, and gained the heartiest of plaudits from the spectators. The *pièce de résistance* of the evening, to use a well-worn term, was a six rounds contest between Harry Myers, of Edinburgh, and Tom O'Niell, of Gateshead. So far as weight was concerned the lads were well matched, but owing to the fact that O'Niell had won several good matches in Newcastle there was plenty of money for him, and odds of 6 to 4 were laid on his chance. Myers, who looked and was well, commenced quickly, and used his left and right in the best of styles, getting both on to the face and the body; in fact, he had matters all his own way in both the first and the second rounds. In the third round O'Niell being far behind on points tried a knock out, but Myers was very clever and wary, and avoiding the onslaughts of his opponent, retaliated in great style. In the fourth Myers went to work against O'Niell in the latter's own style, and again had the best of matters, as he had in the fifth and sixth, when the Yiddisher (that, of course, is Myers), who had a great many supporters of his tribe, obtained the verdict easily. It, however, was a good fight, but there is no doubt that the best boxer won. The winner was seconded by Tom Dixon and "Spider" Carr, and the loser by Bob O'Niell and C. Cox. Jack Palmer was referee, and Tom Murphy, timekeeper.

LAST WEEK SAM PARKER, OF Leeds, and Jack Fulton, of Newcastle, signed articles to box the best of twenty two-minute rounds at catch-weight, for £10 a-side and a £25 purse, at the Leeds and County Athletic Club, on Monday next, September 10.

JAMES J. CORBETT KNOCKS OUT "KID" McCOY IN FIVE ROUNDS.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 31.—A BOXING match was fought here last night between Jim Corbett and "Kid" McCoy.

The first three rounds were distinguished by remarkably clever boxing on both sides, Corbett being slightly superior. They consistod of a series of leads, blocks, and sidesteps, but no heavy blows were exchanged. Both men were in fine condition.

In the fourth round both came up quickly. Corbett was the aggressor, his adversary breaking ground frequently. Corbett landed his left on the face, but "Kid" broke away when Jim tried a left to right swing.

Corbett continued left swinging. Both clinched twice. Corbe t then rushed "Kid" and landed his left on the ear. He made another rush, driving "Kid" across the ring, swinging with his right and upper-cutting with his left. "Kid" kept ducking all the time.

Corbett reached with both hands, jabbed two lefts in his face, and followed McCoy, battering in his defence. "Kid" clinched frequently.

Both seemed weary at the end of the round.

In the fifth round "Kid" stepped in with a left-hander at Corbett's face, and tried a right swing, but missed. "Kid" rushed again, but Jem put in a right and a left on his head and tried a left swing. McCoy ducked and jabbed with his left at Corbett's face. Corbett smothered "Kid" with rights and lefts on the body and head. "Kid," being unable to defend himself, crossed his arms under his face. Corbett next got in a hard left on the stomach, doubling "Kid" up, the latter holding Jem's glove. Corbett finally got in a hard right on the heart, and sent "Kid" staggering, quickly following with a similar blow with his left. McCoy was floored, and counted out.

BOXING IN EDINBURGH.

A MOST SUCCESSFUL BOXING entertainment took place recently at the Smithfield Street Hall under the management of Sid Levy. Local talent was represented by the following boxers:—Three Rounds Exhibition spar was given by the Kings' midgets, which proved most scientific. 8st 4lb Competition: Jack Brown beat Jem Martin, after three hard rounds. Final: Brown beat Roberts in two rounds. Six Rounds Contest: Dave Allen v. Jem Cooper.—Cooper took the lead, and scored with the right repeatedly, but Allan stopped him with a straight left which winded Cooper. Finally Allan outpointed him and won. Six Rounds Contest: Nat Mather v. Tommy West.—West took the lead and scored, but Mather had a longer reach and finally won. The tit-bit of the evening was then announced, viz., Louis Stringer, of Leeds, and Jack Tait, of Newcastle, 7st 2lb champion of the North, who sparred three rounds in a scientific manner. Stringer was to have met Willie Baigrie, but Baigrie never turned up. Stringer then challenged him at his own weight, or any other lad in Scotland from 7st 6lb to 8st 4lb for any amount up to £20 a-side. Six Rounds Contest: Ike Goodhall v. Jack Mills.—Goodhall scored fast and well, but Mills, being heavier and a longer reach, beat him in the first round. Mr. Solly Temple acted as M.C., Mr. Gordon was referee, and Mark Vernon held the watch.

IKE MOSS, BEING DISSATISFIED with his defeat by Jack Jones, of Newcastle, will box him for Jack Haggerty's purse. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will receive attention.

NEXT WEEK

We shall publish a Full Account of the Great Battle between

JAMES J. CORBETT

Ex-Heavy-Weight Champion of the World

AND

"KID" McCOY

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT AT THE RING SIDE.

Order from your Newsagent at once.

PRIVATE SHOW EASTWARD HO!—Our representative has been called on at times to decide the result of battles between Jem Sweeney and Alf Leeper. The decisions have been wins for Leeper, drawn battles, and victories for Sweeney. To assert supremacy and to decide who was the better man they made a match for £25 a-side, to take place in private, each man to be allowed fifty tickets. Unfortunately Leeper injured his hand in his bout with Griffin at the New Goodwin Club last Monday week, and could not meet the engagement, but to keep faith with their patrons the promoters substituted Alf Lloyd, of Finsbury, for the twenty rounds contest. The hall belonging to the Queen Victoria B.C. was engaged, and it was under the auspices of the club that the sport took place. Details.—The officials were: Referee, THE MIRROR OF LIFE; timekeeper, Joe Smith, with "Ginger" Elliott acting as M.C. Ten Rounds Contest: Jack Fitzpatrick beat Bill Dickenson.—This proved a grand set-to, the first named forcing the pace and taking the lead in the opening rounds. The last two rounds saw Dickenson pulling up, but he could not wipe off the arrears, and Fitzpatrick won. Twenty Rounds Contest: Jem Sweeney beat Alf Lloyd.—Lloyd who took the job at a moment's notice, was not in the same condition as his opponent, who was as fit as a fiddle, and despite a game struggle Sweeney had the best of matters, when with a right hand hook he ended the affair in the fourth round. The seconds were Archie Wright, Albert Dixon, and Mike Casey, and the wind-up was between Mike Casey and "Ginger" Elliott.

HARRY BROWN (BLACK), WHO IS about to retire from the ring, would like to make a match with Bevan or Tom Gilliott, of Rotherham, at 9st, give or take 2lb, from £5 to £500 a-side and the best purse offered, or Gilliott can be 9st 6lb and H.B. catch-weight for any amount. An early reply will lead to business.

SAM BENTLEY AND TOM LIDSTONE have signed articles to box the best of twenty three-minute rounds, strictly under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, for £15 a-side and the gate money, Lidstone to be 11st, Bentley to be at 10st 4lb, either man overweight to forfeit the whole of the money down. £10 a-side is deposited in Mr. J. Johnstone's hands, the remainder to be deposited on September 1, the contest to take place the earlier part of September at a place to be mutually agreed upon.—Signed, S. Bentley and T. Lidstone, principals; T. Jenkins and John Squire, witnesses.

IKE MOSS WISHES TO RETURN his thanks to the following for their kindness shown to him during his stay at Stockton-on-Tees:—Andrew Wood (of Gateshead), Bob Walker, Bob Wilson, Sam Cowan, Brothers Brown, Ned Taylor, Mr. and Mrs Russell, Mr. Fry, Brothers Anderson, Billy Ross, Bob O'Neil, Bob Bell, and all other friends.

J. DALLAWAY, A.B., H.M.S. BRITANnia, Dartmouth, would like to fight Lance-Corporal S. Knowles, of Plymouth, again, the same number of rounds or more if he wishes it, if Mr. Downey or any other gentleman will give a decent purse.

PROFESSOR GEORGE CAMPBELL and Troupe wish to return thanks for their kindness to Mr. J. Brown, Ship Hotel, Mr. Tom Mills, Mr. Hopper, Kingston Arms, and Mr. D. S. Martin, Alexandra Hotel, during their stay in Hull.

IN ANSWER TO "SANDY" BALFOUR, Jim Laurence will box him in any place he can find for the feather-weight championship of the North, or if he can't find a gentleman to put up a purse he will fight him for £5 a-side anywhere he likes in four weeks' time. THE MIRROR OF LIFE to find referee and stakeholder.

DEATH OF "PONK" ANDREWS.—TO our surprise, as we go to press we have received a notification of the death of "Ponk" Andrews. We witnessed the fifteen rounds bout at Wonderland between Jack Gover and 'Ponk" Andrews on Monday evening, and thought it about the tamest we had ever seen.

JACK HIBBERD (26HR CHAMPION) has undertaken to walk to Yarmouth in 26 hours (distance, 126½ miles) on Monday, September 17.

RARE BOOKS.

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AT THE WINTER GARDENS, SOUTHport, the Pueblo Brothers, the American sand, buck, and wing dancers, are giving their up-to-date show, in which the gloves play a prominent part, and has caught on splendidly.

RICHARD J. WALKER IS DOING well with H. Chattell's "When London Sleeps" Company now on tour.

CAPITAL BUSINESS CONTINUES at the London Hippodrome—the plunging horses are a distinct feature in the programme.

"IN THE SOUP" HAS CAUGHT ON at the Strand, and clever James Welch is again admirably fitted with a part.

THE NEW PICTURES NOW BEING shown at the Royal are highly interesting and greatly strengthen the programme.

"A WOMAN'S REVENGE" IS playing to good houses at the Britannia Theatre this week.

ARTHUR LENNARD IS SEEN TO advantage at the Grand, Clapham Junction, in a new monologue entitled "Invalided Home." A great favourite also is dainty little Miss Ida Rene.

CARL HERTZ HAS BEEN TURNING on new and wonderful illusions at the Camberwell Palace of Varieties. That clever child actress, Florrie Groves, finished a successful week here on Saturday last with her famous sketch "Meg."

MR. TREE WILL RE-OPEN HER Majesty's Theatre to-morrow (Thursday) with Julius Cæsar.

THE SIX BROTHERS LUCK HAVE for the present deserted the halls; they are appearing this week at the Queen's Opera House, Crouch End, with much success.

AT COLLINS'S LAST WEEK WAS produced a new sketch, in one scene, by Mark Melford, entitled, "Rent Free; or, The Haunted House of Kensington." The sketch was most cordially received, and must be pronounced a successful production.

HARRY PLEON WITH SONGS, recitations, and dances has been going strong at the Cambridge. Miss Marie Tyler with a couple of good songs, "The Sailor Boy" and "Oh, the Picnic," and Frank Coyne with his latest success, "Have It Over Your Side, Lucy," have all obtained favour from delighted audiences.

THE LONDON (SHOREDITCH) IS going strong with its usual big and first rate programme. Tom and Lily English are a first-rate turn. The Two Bostons are appearing in a laughable skit "The Two Broker's Men." Miss Millie Lindon, Cliff Ryland, Mark Melford and Co., the boxing Brothers Horn, and Princess Pauline also add to the evening's enjoyment.

THE OXFORD PROGRAMME WHICH Mr. Gilmer is serving up to his supporters numbers a goodly array of stars, headed by the one and only Dan Leno, who is in quite his best form. Chirgwin, The Gothams, Cliff Ryland, Miss Claire Romaine, Burt Shepherd, and Miss Carrie Scott with her pocket piccaninni, and many others capture the audience.

ELEPHANTS APPEAR TO BE A favourite item in the always excellent and varied programme at the Palace. I have seen several different specimens of the huge animals at this hall, but I think the ones owned by Eph Thompson now appearing literally waltz away with the biscuit. They show signs of careful training, and exhibit great intelligence.

THE SHOW AT THE METROPOLITAN does credit to the discernment of Mr. J. W. Edgar. The sweet voices of the Gotham Comedy Quartette are heard to excellent advantage, the clever and always funny Dunville gains much applause, pretty Miss Millie Lindon, R. G. Knowles (who has more to say for himself than ever) goes well, Harry Tate, the clever mimic, is much appreciated in the delineation of his many and varied characters, the sweet-voiced James Norrie, Duncan's clever dogs, a screaming farce introducing Brown, Newland, and Le Clerq, Miss Daisy Mayer, and many others deserve fuller mention than I have space to accord them.

DAVE.

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Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
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No change of diet is ever necessary; eat as good as you can get, and all you want of it.
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